

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

BY MARY AUSTIN.

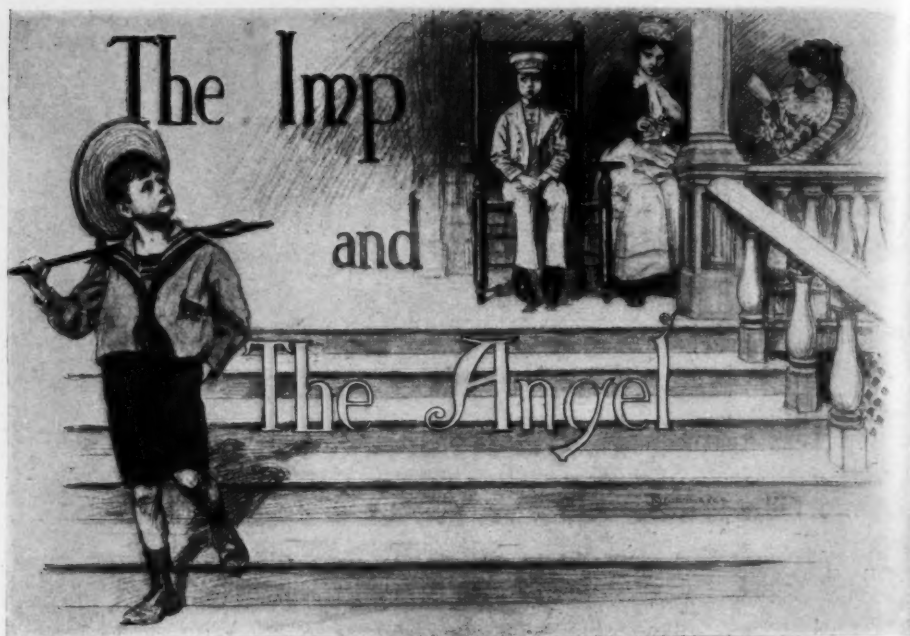
THE red deer loves the chaparral,  
The hawk the wind-rocked pine;  
The ouzel haunts the rills that race  
The cañon's steep incline;  
But the wild sheep from the battered  
rocks,  
Sure foot and fleet of limb,  
Gets up to see the stars go by  
Along the mountain-rim.

For him the sky-built battlements,  
For him the cliff and scar,  
For him the deep-walled chasms  
Where the roaring rivers are;  
The gentian-flowered meadow-lands,  
The tamarack slope and crest,  
Above the eagle's screaming brood,  
Above the wild wolf's quest.

When in the riot of the storms  
The snow-flowers blossom fair,  
The cattle get them to the plain,  
The howlers to the lair.  
The shepherd tends his foolish flocks  
Along the mountain's hem;  
But free and far the wild sheep are,  
And God doth shepherd them.



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BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM.

EVERY morning after breakfast, when the Imp trotted down the steps of the broad hotel piazza, with his brown legs bare, and his big iron shovel,—none of your ten-cent tin scoops for him!—he was filled anew with pity for Algernon Marmaduke Schuyler. This young man sat gloomily by his nurse,—fancy a boy of eight with a nurse!—and pretended to amuse himself by staring at the beachful of bathers and the gentlemen diving from the float. He wore a white duck sailor-suit with blue trimmings, and he was never seen without his rubbers. Once a day, in the middle of the afternoon, he was taken down to the water in a little blue bath-robe, and guarded carefully from the shore while he played, for ten minutes by the watch, in the shallow water.

To-day the sun was under a cool gray cloud, and Mrs. Schuyler had forbidden him to leave the piazza.

"Stay with Emma, my angel, and play quietly," she said. "You know, he is not strong,"

turning to the Imp's mother, who looked pityingly at the white-faced little fellow in the long, tight trousers, and gave the Imp an extra kiss as he hopped down the steps.

"Back for dinner!" she called after him, and he waved the shovel to show her he understood, and made for a secluded corner of the beach, where his greatest achievement in the line of forts was rising proudly to its third story.

Tracy Macintyre, a very good boy in his way, though a little domineering, turned up before long, and they potted away at the fort, and buried themselves to the waist in the cool, damp sand, and squabbled a little and made it up again, and dared each other to venture out farther and farther (without wetting the small rolled-up trousers), until finally an unexpected wave a little bigger and wetter than its brothers soaked them both to the waist, and they retreated into the fort, squealing with terror and delight. At this point, three shrill notes on a dog-whistle summoned Tracy back, and the

Imp went with him, partly for company, partly because the wave had left him feeling rather damp and sticky. It was later than they had thought, and they found the ladies, from the cottages sprinkled about, already gathered on the piazza, which meant that dinner was ready.

As they tried to escape notice by slipping behind people, the Imp ran into Algernon Marmaduke Schuyler, who was staring so hard at the two that he had neglected to get out of their way. His mother was upon them in an instant. While they stood twisting and wriggling, and terribly alarmed at being noticed so much,—for all the ladies were looking at them,—Mrs. Schuyler smoothed Algernon's hair and said severe things about dirty little boys who got others into trouble, and who were not content to get chills and pneumonia themselves, but must give these unpleasant things to careful little children who did not endanger their health by getting soaked to the waist every day of their lives.

The Imp did not like Mrs. Schuyler at all—indeed, few people did. She was very stiff and very much dressed, and very critical, and seemed to have no sympathy at all for boys on rainy days when they stamped a little in the halls. So he was greatly relieved when his friend the old doctor spoke in his defense.

"Chills, madam? Pneumonia?" said the gruff old man. "Not a bit of it! Not a bit of it! Send your boy out with them and make a man of him: he's white as a potato sprout! Let him get a knock or two, and he won't tumble over so easily!" He shoved the Imp and Tracy out of the way, and they ran up to where reproaches and clean clothes waited for them. He was a famous old man, and he was not to be contradicted, so Mrs. Schuyler only smiled, and said her angel was a little too delicate for such rough treatment, and the matter passed off without further notice.

But all through his potato and mutton the Imp gazed steadily at Algernon Marmaduke Schuyler. How white his face was—as white as a potato sprout! How dull his life must be! Tied to a nurse all day—none of that privacy so necessary to the carrying out of a thousand fascinating plans; dressed so tightly and whitely; taking so many naps and getting

nothing but mush and eggs to eat—how horrible the summer must seem to him! The Imp had more friends than he could remember, and was making new ones every day; but who played with "his mother's angel"? Katy the chambermaid did not bring the darling little mice in the trap for *him* to see; Annie the cook did not beckon *him* to her with warm molasses cookies; Fritz the bathing-master did not swim out to sea with *him* on his broad brown shoulders. What was such a boy like? The Imp determined to see for himself, and after dinner, when Mrs. Schuyler had gone up for her nap, and Algernon was waiting to be taken up for his, the nurse was astounded to see a jolly, brown little boy approach her charge and open conversation with a cheerful "Hullo!"

"Hullo!" replied Algernon, politely.

"Do you want to see my fort?" inquired the Imp.

Algernon nodded eagerly, but the nurse shook her head. "Master Algy must have his nap now," she said; and that would have ended the matter, probably, if the nurse had not noticed the clerk waving a bunch of letters at her. "Oh, that 's the mail!" she cried. "You just wait here a jiffy, Master Algy, till I get it," and the boys were alone.

"Where is your fort?" asked the Angel, quickly. "Could we see it before she gets back?"

The Imp looked doubtful.

"I guess not," he said; "it 's quite a ways. She won't be a minute."

"Yes, she will," insisted the Angel; "she stays and talks. Is it over there?"

The Imp nodded. "Just behind the bath-houses," he said.

Now, whether it was that Algernon wished to exhibit a courage he did not feel, or whether he was really reckless, will never be known; but he seized the Imp's hand, and they had trotted down the side steps before Emma had fairly taken the letters in her hand. They went too fast to talk, and only when they were settled in the sand behind the double row of bath-houses did the Imp begin to make acquaintance.

"Do you like to take naps?" he inquired curiously, as Algernon seized the shovel and

began to dig violently, as if to make up for all the days on the piazza.

"No," replied his mother's angel, shortly.

The Imp waited, but he said nothing more.

"Do you like your trousers tight that way?" pursued the Imp.

"No," replied the Angel again, continuing his excavations.

"Don't you like cookies?" The Imp gave him one more chance to explain himself.

"Yes," said the Angel, while the sand flew about him, and that was all.

Not a talkative fellow, evidently, but a good worker. There was already sand enough for a tower; and so the Imp asked no more questions, but set to work in a businesslike manner. He was only doing what he did every day, and he was utterly unconscious of the terror that he might be causing in Emma's breast. He did not know that the frightened nurse was running wildly up the beach in search of the fort, taking precisely the wrong direction; and though Algernon was far less talkative than Tracy Macintyre, he was a good playfellow, and the Imp actually forgot, after a few minutes, that they had come out under rather unusual circumstances and had not intended to stay long.

Just as the tower was done, the Imp, glancing up, saw far down the beach a little crowd of men running out a rowboat. He had dragged the Angel to his feet in a moment and was starting down the beach after them. The Angel could not run very fast, owing to his tight trousers, which flapped out at the ankles over his little ties, and it occurred to the Imp that they could run much better barefooted. He proposed this to his friend, who hesitated a moment.

"Will I get a cold?" he asked doubtfully.

"Course not; no!" said the Imp, impatiently, tugging at his tennis-shoes.

Algernon looked back at the hotel and wavered. Then a look of determination came over his little pale face, and sitting down by the Imp, he took off first his shiny rubbers, and then his ties and blue stockings. As his feet touched the damp, fresh sand, he sighed deeply and wiggled his toes down into it. "I will never wear my shoes again," he announced solemnly. The Imp stared. "No," repeated

the Angel, "I will not"; and before the Imp could stay him, he had lifted up the little bundle and pitched it, stockings and all, into a great hole just ahead of them, above the tideline, where the beach garbage was collected and burned. Well, well! There was something in this Algernon Marmaduke Schuyler, after all! So thrilled was the Imp by the independent spirit of his new friend that he forgot, or at least failed to remember seriously enough, that a certain old wreck, not far away, half under the sand, marked the limits of his wanderings, and that he was supposed to play between that goal and the hotel. The sun came out suddenly, and the whole sea gleamed like a big looking-glass. The air was soft and warm, the sand firm and good to the feet, and life seemed very full and pleasant to the Imp. He bounded along with big jumps over the beach, sometimes prying out shells and pebbles with his toes, sometimes skipping stones, sometimes for pure joy punching Algernon, who promptly punched him back, and utterly amazed the Imp by his actions.

For if the day and the sea and the freedom seemed good to the healthy, active little Imp, what was it to the Angel? No fresh-air child from a city mission was ever more drunk with delight than he. He danced more wildly than the Imp; he sat down in the sand and spun around many times, to the great detriment of his white trousers; he cast off his cap and threw sand about until his hair was full of it; he rolled up his trousers as far as he could, and waded in the water in an excitement the Imp could not understand. Of course the water felt good; of course it gave you a queer, creepy feeling as you went in higher and higher; of course there was a delicious fear in suddenly sliding on a slippery stone—but that was what one came to the beach for. There was no need to shout and gasp and laugh and jump all the time. Finally the Angel began to throw water about, and then the Imp felt that he must draw the line.

"Look out, Algy!" he said dutifully, "this is my second suit!"

But Algy continued to throw, and rather than suffer insult the Imp promptly retaliated. It grew very exciting, and they dashed along



by the side of the water, stamping it as hard as they could, and finally gloriously tumbling down and recklessly rolling over and over in the warm, frothy seaweed, where the little waves started to run back again.

As they lay luxuriously resting, the Imp explained that, according to a strictly enforced

The Angel glanced at his dripping duck and proudly agreed that it was. "I'll get noomony, I guess," he volunteered, after a few moments of happy silence, during which they watched the gulls wheel above them, and wriggled about on the warm, wet seaweed.

"Tracy and me don't get noomony," mur-



"LOOK OUT, ALGY!" SAID THE IMP, DUTIFULLY, "THIS IS MY SECOND SUIT!"

rule, he might ruin one suit of clothes a day and a change would be forthcoming, but that when he returned with the second suit wet as far as the waist, at that hour he must retire to bed, bread and milk being his only supper.

"An' this is 'way above my waist," he added cheerfully; "an' yours is wet as sop!"

mured the Imp, sleepily, for the sun and the dancing on the beach had made him drowsy, "but you might, maybe. My mother says you'd be better if you played more, and did n't wear such nice clothes. You're white as a potato sprout—"

"So 're you!" retorted the Angel, hotly.



THE IMP, THE ANGEL, AND THEIR PLAYMATES DANCING AROUND THE BONFIRE.

"My clothes are *not* nice, either! You need n't say so!"

The Imp was getting ready for a crushing retort when a strong smell of burning wood came to his keen little nose. The wind had changed, and he felt a little cool, too; so he shook off what water he could, and without reply climbed up the bank of straggling sand-grass which had hidden them effectually from the hotel and the frightened Emma, and looked about him. The Angel followed at his heels, tearing his jacket from shoulder to shoulder on a sharp projecting stone, and they burst into a cry of joy, for there, not five minutes' run away, was a noble bonfire. They wasted no words, but ran rapidly toward it, and found themselves in an enchanting scene.

The fire was a fine large one, and well under way. It was of driftwood and large empty boxes, heaped up scientifically and stuffed with straw below. Behind it was a small, dingy white cottage, with a boat drawn up under the low eaves, and many fishing-rods and lines and corks and sinkers tangled together lay about. A big black collie bounded around and around the blaze, and three children hopped after him, while an older boy, who looked half ashamed of playing at such a game in such company, fed the fire nevertheless, and thoroughly enjoyed himself.

The Imp advanced with his usual ease of manner, and the Angel followed. "Hullo!" he said. The older boy paid no attention, but put a piece of wood over a blazing spot in a careful way intended to convey the fact that he was tending this fire as a sacred duty and not for idle amusement. The little girl, who was barefooted and dressed in a funny little red jersey, only put her thumb in her mouth and retreated behind the fire. But the smaller of the two little boys smiled in a friendly way and returned the Imp's greeting.

"Can I put some wood on?" the Angel asked suddenly. Evidently he was not used to playing with boys. The Imp would have led up to this request by easy stages, and he was afraid his friend had been too precipitate; but the proprietors of the bonfire took the request in good part, and politely picked out the biggest bit for the Angel to handle. Trembling

with excitement, he carefully placed it upon an exposed part of the heap, and smudged his wet trousers terribly in so doing. A piece was gravely handed to the Imp, who nearly fell into the middle of the blaze in his attempt to place his offering in the very best position, and won the deep admiration of the little girl by the bravery with which he bore a small burn on his little finger. Their hosts were jolly, freckled fellows, barelegged and with somewhat ragged garments, but the best of playmates, and when the little girl confided to the Imp that there were potatoes buried in the ashes he felt that his cup was full.

This was the kind of thing one dreamed of: to come, wet and draggled, upon a sudden brilliant bonfire; to dance barelegged and happy in the fascinating glow; to poke it with sticks and feed it as occasion required; to fish out the hot and delicious potatoes, and burst their ashy skins, and sprinkle salt, which the little girl brought from the cottage, upon them — this was well worth a supper in bed! And the Imp and the Angel confided to the big boy, whose name was Alf, and who grew more social as one got to know him better, that they would, if he wished, sever all connection with their families and live there with him and his brothers forever round the bonfire. They were quite dry and warm now, with the heat of the fire and the dancing; and the bright sun and the shining water with the white ships scattered over it far away, the comfortable, fishy cottage, — what a home for a boy that must be! — with the nets and the dog, the ring of dancing brothers and sisters, and the smell of the seaweed and the smoke and the potatoes, all made an impression upon the Imp that never faded quite away. It was the happiest, freest, heartiest time he had ever had — all the better for its delicious unexpectedness. The cottage and the fire had sprung up like a fairy-book adventure, and delight had followed delight till there was nothing left for heart to want. The sea stretched away before them: the boundless sea, with its miles of white, firm beach, and red clouds about the sun. Perhaps all down the beaches there were fires and potatoes and dogs and boys awaiting young adventurers! The little girl had shyly offered him the most beautiful pink-

lined shell he had ever seen, and as he put it into his bulging hip-pocket, the Imp was probably as happy as he was destined to be in all his life.

He did not even have time to grow tired of it, for Alf suggested that persons planning to get back to the hotel before dark had better be going soon, and so, after one more wild dance hand in hand about the fire, when they all fell down and rolled in the cold embers at the edges, they separated, and the adventurers left the fire still at its brightest, with the children and the dog still running about, and, continually looking back at that happy place, they went slowly up the beach.

Algernon Marmaduke Schuyler was dazed with happiness and excitement. His face was burned to a brilliant red, his hair was full of splinters and sand, his hands were grimy, and his sailor-suit was a wreck. But he stepped out like a man, and was perfectly silent with joy, thinking of the two enormous potatoes he had eaten, and the handful of dried beef Alf had given him, besides the bit of black licorice. This was life, indeed! Would one who had tasted such a day go tamely back to a piazza?

They had rounded the old wreck before a word was spoken. Boys do not need to make conversation when they are too happy for words; that is reserved for the unfortunate grown-up ones. So they trotted on in silence, and because the Angel's shoes and stockings were at the bottom of the hole the Imp did not stop to put on his, though they were safely stuffed in his trousers' pockets.

They approached the piazza from the side, but they did not accomplish their object, for it was crowded with people. The Imp's inquiring eyes first peeked around the corner, and he was seized by Mrs. Schuyler before his head was fairly visible.

"You naughty little Perry Stafford, where is Algy? Where is my angel?" she cried, half vexed, half frightened. He did not need to answer, for Algernon stepped forward, and at the sight of that youth, ragged, dirty, and bare-legged, the people on the piazza burst into laughter.

Nor did the Angel care a rap for them. Too

full of his happiness to remember to be afraid, he fell into his mother's arms, babbling excitedly of a fire and a dog and fishing-rods and lines.

"I had two great big potatoes—two! And dried-up beef, and some black lickerish! I wriggled m' toes into the sand, and I can jump farther than him!" he gasped, indicating the Imp, who tried to flee from his mother's accusing eyes and get into the bed that was even now awaiting him.

"Dried beef! licorice! Oh, heavens!" cried Mrs. Schuyler. "Algernon, how did you dare? You will be sick for weeks! You are in a fever now!"

She clasped him to her in terror, but old Dr. Williams advanced and pulled him away.

"Nonsense, nonsense, Mrs. Schuyler!" said he, sharply, but with his eyes full of laughter. "He's no more fever than I have this minute. Stand up, sir, and tell your mother that that's good, honest sunburn, that you never were so well in your life, and that a few more days with the Imp, here, will make another man of you! Dried beef and licorice and dirt in the sun will do him more good than tight clothes in the shade, madam; I can assure you of that!"

And with this, the longest speech that he had made during the summer, the famous doctor slapped the Angel's shoulder, and tweaked the Imp's ear. "Get along with you!" he said gruffly, and they ran out of the room together, the nurse bringing up the rear.

"Do you suppose he'll play with Tracy and me to-morrow, muvver?"

The Imp said *muvver* from habit, not necessity, and he was lying, clean and penitent, in his bed, with the empty bread and milk bowl on the floor beside them.

His mother's mouth trembled a little at the corners.

"I should n't be surprised if he did," she answered. "You see, the doctor said it would be good for him, and probably, *if he takes great care not to go beyond the old wreck on any account, and not to bathe with his clothes on*, he will be allowed to play with any boys who observe the same *rules*."

And it turned out, as it usually did, that she was right.

## EXTREMES.

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES.

A LITTLE girl, not long ago,  
When the ground was chill and white with  
snow,

Put on :

A tam-o'-shanter on her head,  
A muff, and a pair of mittens red,  
A muffler round her chin and throat,  
And down to her toes a big, long coat;  
For the snow blew here and the snow blew  
there,

And into her face and into her hair;  
But the little girl beneath the cap,  
And the muffler, mittens, muff, and wrap,  
Said: "I dress like this in a big snow-storm,  
For when it is cold I want to be warm!"

But now

This same little girl on a summer day,  
When the flowers bloom and the fields are gay,

Puts on :

A short white dress with little blue bows,  
With her fair pink cheeks like the fair pink rose,  
And her curls are tucked on her head with  
care,

And her dimpled arms and her neck are bare;  
And the daisies nod in her daisy chain,  
And the roses droop for the want of rain;  
But this little girl with the ribbon bows,  
And twinkling eyes where the laughter grows,  
Says: "I dress like this, and a fan I hold,  
For when it is warm I want to be cold!"

Down the path and up the lane,  
And through the neighbor's gate,  
Oh people going out to dine  
Should never start too late





## "THE KID."

(A long story complete in this number.)

BY ELIZABETH B. CUSTER.



HE fat little legs of Alfred McKee described an acrobatic right angle to his pony's back.

His nag had a tender mouth, and the bit would have been stained red had any but the small, dimpled hands of his owner tugged and jerked away at it as he slipped back and forth on his

uncertain perch. When the little chap lurched forward between the pony's ears or slid back to the tail, his father struggled not to notice the gyrations, but called out a word of warning occasionally:

"Son, hold on by the bridle. Stick your heels in the pony's sides."

As there was no chance of a bend in those legs, because of their limitations, Alf replied: "They won't go round, father; they stick right up in the air."

I suppose his father intended this instruction for future use, for he himself threw his feet out of the stirrup and dug his knees in the horse's sides the moment the spirited animal reared or plunged in his efforts to gain the mastery.

Pride alone kept Alf from giving up the struggle and sliding to the ground, but his eyes would sometimes fill with tears as he strained his undeveloped muscles to keep his place and emulate the one beside him, whom he adored.

Of course a saddle was out of the question. His father let him "play horse" with the one that he had given him, but he must learn to ride without one, and not so much as slip a finger under the surcingle to keep his poise.

The pony seemed to know that he had his part to play. To any one who chanced to be riding in the rear, he appeared to be squirming from side to side in the funniest little undula-

tions of his lithe body, just exactly as if he was struggling to follow and support the rolling to and fro of the little boy he was carrying. His back curved, his eyes bulging from his head, his small teeth closed over his tongue, Alf held on grimly.

He did not dare to turn for fear of an upset, and he missed the satisfaction of seeing his father's proud eyes at the grit of the future cavalryman. It was difficult to believe that the superb bearing and perfect poise of his father ever had a beginning like his, and the boy asked: "Daddy, did you ever wobble about the way I do when you were little?"

"Yes, and I was precisely the same humped-up monkey."

"And was the horse just as slippery, and did n't your legs go any further round him than mine?"

"I had a horse seventeen hands high to ride, Alf. It was like a dromedary to me; and my father kept touching my shoulders with his hunting-crop, and telling me that if I aimed to have a soldier's figure, the curve in my back would really look better in front."

The people about the boy hardly knew how to adapt themselves to children. His very first remembrance was of somebody trying playfully to scare and torment him, and he realized when very young that it was a test of his pluck. If the teasing went too far and his little lip quivered, the next thing he knew he was being snuggled in the arms of an officer, who called him every endearing name that helpless infancy evokes—and this from a man in whom one never would expect knowledge of words of tenderness.

But then, when he began again to crow and dance in the protecting arms, they all set at it once more to test his grit. There were only two babies in the garrison where he began life,

and they were often borrowed by the bachelors or in households where a child's "coo" was unheard.

One story that was told him, after he grew into knickerbockers, was of a day when he had been "borrowed" so long it was thought best to look him up. A knock on the door of the commanding general's own room was followed by an absorbed "Come in." Alf was in his arms, and he was jumping him toward the buffalo, bear, and wolf heads that seemed to spring back out of the wall at him. The taxidermist had set them up so cleverly that their big glass eyes, lighted by the open fire, appeared real. Greatly to the general's delight, the child was shaking his little fists, screaming and springing at them with excitement, and red with infantile rage, while the general's brother blew furious blasts on the discordant dog-horn, to help the excitement.

Naturally, any child, if it was in its nature, would soon develop enthusiasm, courage, and coolness, when reared in such a school.

There had been in the family an uncle who had lived up to all the traditions of his revolutionary grandfather, and who was quoted to the child as soon as he was old enough to understand the meaning of the word "soldier."

"Uncle William's" perfect horsemanship, his figure, his handsome face, his battles, were referred to, and the lad started in life freighted with the successes of three generations of soldiers. To Alf, as the only boy descendant of the family, was given the sword his uncle had used in the Civil War. It grew to have a personality of its own in his eyes, and when he was four years old, rebellious about going to sleep, he dictated the terms of his surrender: "I'll go to sleep if I can have Uncle William's sword." And many a night his curly head rested close to the weapon that began its career on such tempestuous ground.

Alf's pony would have been a dear treasure anywhere, but doubly so in a spot as lonely as that Western fort. The colonel's "striker," as a soldier is called who serves an officer, gave a reason for the pony's gentleness: "Master Alf, that pony's been brought up by hand. Some one's been after fondlin' of him since he was a colt. He as much as spake with me whin I give him his first feed from the oats I was carryin' in me pockets to beguile him from the disolate prairie near the town. He was that thin you could see through him, if the sun had been well out. You see, a travelin' show had owned him, but because he could n't do his little tricks on account of the bad trouble with his hoofs, they ups and l'aves him to starve. But the horse-



"THE GENERAL WAS JUMPING THE BABY TOWARD THE STUFFED HEADS."

doctor has looked him over since I led him home, and he says he'll be O. K. before long."

As soon as his hoofs were sound again, Malony tried him in all the accomplishments about which his owner had boasted before leaving the town. He knelt to be mounted, he waltzed on his nimble hind legs, he went up and down stairs, he walked up a board fastened to a ladder standing against a wall and backed down again, and no bronco about there could so bow his back in jumping as to bring his four hoofs closer together. The old hunters among the soldiers said that in these leaps on all fours a deer could hardly alight in a smaller space. Malony measured the space in the indented turf before witnesses, and kept the record, in order to back himself with facts when the owners of bronco buck-jumpers disputed him.

The doctor said to Malony one day: "That little nag's a peart one. When you ask him his age the little sinner strikes the sod eight times with his hoof—never more, never less. His teeth tell a different story. I s'pose his owner thought some fool might buy him on the pony's say-so, without opening his jaw to see."

Malony, who was an unassailable bachelor,

added grimly: "He's like a woman; he gets to a certain age and he stays there. Time don't 'wing' much with him nor with them."

Of course the faithful Irishman, who worshipped the commanding officer, wanted his boy to own the pony. Contrary to the usual garrison custom, the colonel kept his horses near his quarters instead of with those of the regiment.

One morning Alf danced out to the stable, and found the pony tied to the door with a note fastened to the halter. In laboriously executed English, beginning in the official style of a military paper, it read: "Private Malony has the honor to report that the pony accompanying this communication, being now well, he presents his best respects to Master Alfred, and would be afther doin him the kindness to accept this small token of humble regard."

The "small token" was untied, whirled about, and one of his accomplishments put to use at once, for he was led up the front steps into the hall and on into the commanding officer's room. The pony's head pushed over his shoulder, and his son's wild "whoop-la's" were the officer's first knowledge of the intruders. The colonel made a faint protest. "Well, lad, if it's all the same to you, I'll excuse myself from stabling with Malony's gift just yet." As for Alf, he considered it a compliment paid his parent, this unsolicited visit of boy and beast; for *he* would gladly have shared nightly the pony's stall, if permitted.

More than one pair of faithful eyes followed the commanding officer and his boy, as they took their daily exercise about the post as far as it was safe to ride in the Indian-infested country. If they did not return at the exact time set for their home-coming, anxious faces looked from the barracks to the outlying plains, with worried exclamations about the "red devils" that were always lying in wait for venturesome riders. The faithful Malony never seemed to have the boy out of mind, and it was an unwritten contract between the colonel and Malony that when one was compelled to be absent the other took his place in looking after Alf. The boy loved them both, and while with his father he quoted the soldier as authority on subjects that fill the minds of boys on the frontier; if left with Malony he reproduced in childish terms his

father's opinions as from the highest tribunal. It seemed impossible to spoil him, though the soldiers granted every wish, and never wearied of his innumerable questions as he ran in and out of their stables almost hourly. Even the sentinel on his beat, who is forbidden to speak unless reporting to the sergeant of the guard, was not proof against the child's blandishments. The boy sat on the piazza steps, one day, admiring the well-set-up soldier pacing in front of the house, and called to his father through the window, "Oh, daddy, I wish 't I was him!"

The sentinel grinned with delighted pride, but, remembering the hardships of the Indian campaign just ended, broke silence and said: "Younker, you don't know what you're talking about."

The second christening of any one usually means popularity; and Alf became "The Kid," and the *one* Kid, at the barracks. The new name filtered into the kitchens of the officers, as all barrack news does. He soon had no other name, except when his pranks required punishment. He explained to his father that when he was called "Alfred, my son,"—"Well, daddy, I want to go right out and crawl into a gopher-hole!"

The colonel had been asked by the woman he loved, as she was saying her last farewell, to be a mother as well as a father to their son; but the disciplining was the hardest task of his life. He would not let the child be put to bed without him until he began to fear that the little fellow might become effeminate, and it was one of the difficult trials of fatherhood to hear the little chap calling to him from the upper floor:

"T ain't so *very* dark up here, daddy. You need n't be afraid to come." No answer to his little joke; and then a piteous voice: "Who's coming to my cuddle?" For his boy's good, the Spartan sat out the temptation to go, but with a throbbing heart. Malony was wax, however, and stole up the back stairs in his stocking-feet, whispering: "Master Alf, I 'm afther comin' for a bit of a chin," till finally the little man learned to drop asleep the moment his head touched the pillow.

Time went on, and still the question of what to call the pony was discussed over and over again. Innumerable commonplace names had

been tried on him at first, to see if he would respond; for the former owner, in eulogizing his accomplishments, had forgotten to tell his name. One day, when the father and son were off for their constitutional, Alf said: "Father, I'm going to call the pony 'Samanthy.'"

"Why Samanthy?"

"Father, you 're laughing at me; there 's that twinkle in your eye."

"Well, go on; I won't 'twinkle' again."

"He 's going to be Samanthy, after our last cook. She 's the only one who ever gave me enough bread and jam between meals, and I somehow want to show that I remember her, so I 'm going to brevet her."

"Brevet, boy? — that means promotion."

"Yes; and it is promotion for her to have a pony like this named for her."

"But why a woman's name, Alf?"

"Well, Malony called his rifle 'Biddy' after he 'pinked' the Comanche chief."

"But nothing especially great has been done by you and the pony yet."

"Father, we will, *we will*. I 've got to do something to live up to you and the McKees, and the pony has got to help me. Sometimes I wish the McKees had n't done so much. It will keep me so busy following on their trail. But say, father, why do men call things they think lots of after women and not for men?"

"For instance?"

"Well, the engineer of the train we came West on called his engine 'Melissy'; and the teamster of your headquarters-wagon has his four mules all named for girls. When he 's mad he jerks out: 'You, Jane, you!' and when Jane quits shying, it 's 'Jenny, you beauty,' or 'Jinny, my honey.' Why is it, father?"

"Well, Kid, most of the men out here in this wilderness have left behind in the States some woman that they are fond of—mother, sister, or somebody; and though they may not talk about her, the proof that they don't forget is this habit of keeping something about them named for the absent. I knew an officer who called three horses in succession 'Kitty.'"

"And, father, who did she turn out to be?"

"Only a girl cousin who used to ride horses bareback, jump fences, and play ball like a boy."

The little saddle was allowed after every test of being dismounted had been tried by two as good teachers as any boy ever had.

After all the miniature rifles and cannon and pistols had played their part in defense of tiny forts at the rear of the quarters, a genuine gun was found at the head of Alf's bed one Christmas morning. Malony took infinite pains teaching him at the target. While he advanced as a marksman and horseman his legs were lengthening surprisingly. The company tailor seemed always to be making little breeches or patching the same. He rode with his thoughts fixed on leading charges, and flung his feet from the stirrup and dug his knees in the pony's side in imitation of a cavalryman.

"Did n't I do that like father, Malony?" he asked anxiously.

"Not *on*like; but, savin' your prisince, you need n't be hurling yourself over the pony."



"A GENUINE GUN."

"But I 'll never be a real cavalryman if I don't begin while young," the Kid insisted.

"Bide your time, lad, and make sure of your seat in the saddle against the day you 'll be ridin' a sure-enough horse that 's liable to go on a rampage any minute."

With his many duties and responsibilities, the colonel could find little time to be with his boy during the day, and he was allowed more and more liberty inside the post. Quicksilver was not more slippery than this little chap. He slid out of the school-room when the teacher's back

was turned, and the soldier, with awe of the commanding officer's son, was afraid to report the truant.

It was easy sneaking along at the rear of the quarters into the stable, leading Samantha by a roundabout way behind the storehouses, and thence, between the billows of land peculiar to the plains, to a group of log huts and tepees beside the river. Here lived the friendly Indian scouts who were fed and cared for by the government in return for running trails and carrying despatches to distant posts.

This alluring spot soon became the greatest center of interest to the Kid. The Indians carried on pantomime conversations with him; he learned some of their sign-language, and divined much by their expressive gestures and the skill of their supple fingers and wrists. The "ten little Indian boys" of the nursery rhyme were there, with all their tiny brothers and sisters, imitating in their play the occupations and amusements of their grown-up braves. They had a game of "shinny," in which they represented bears, wolves, cows, and ponies. There was no respect for rank in this sport, and the Kid was tumbled about without ceremony.

The trial of courage was the ever-dominant idea with the Indian children. Their mettle was put to the test day after day, and every time that the Kid played "hooky" he worked far harder in his play than would have been required for any task that he had evaded. A favorite game was to sit on the ground in a circle, holding their feet out straight; then one walked all round on the outstretched legs. Alf howled with pain when he was first run over by the horny little feet of the boy that was "it." Instantly the whole of the little band sprang at him, shrieking, and opening and shutting their hands in his face, which, accompanied by unmistakable scorn in their faces, was clearly the sign-language for cowardice.

The plains were covered with rattlesnakes, and the Indian boys taught him to kill them. Snake-skins hung in their tepee entrances or were drying on the outer walls of the cabins. Even the children knew how to skin snakes, and the rattles were their playthings. Afterward, when the Kid went East to school, and wished to cover his defeat in a game or a tussle, he

boastingly talked of the encounters with snakes. "Why, I've been brought up with 'em since I was a baby; they're no more to me than angle-worms!"

There were cries in retort: "Brag!" "Oh, come off!" "You think you're big!" "Big talk!" "Oh, come down, now!" But he was not far wrong, and he never lost a chance to try and keep up his end of the line by killing every venomous reptile that they encountered in their roaming about the Indian camp.

The father had a loving fashion of visiting his son's bed before he turned in for the night. The legs and arms of the boy, as he tossed about in sleep, bore such marks of violence, and represented so many colors,—blue and green and old gold, in all stages of inflammation and healing,—that it was a mystery to the father, versed as he had already become in the color-schemes exhibited on the body of his active child. They increased day by day, and the pink-and-white little figure seemed one big bruise; so he said to Alf at last: "What's come to your body and limbs, lad? They are as varied in color as a field of prairie flowers."

The boy was very intimate with his father, and in his frank companionship confided his schemes, discoveries, and general excitements to the ever-ready ear. But now he wavered. The motto in his room, "To ride, to shoot, to speak the truth," came to him in his dilemma. The fear of losing this new and wildly exciting fun gained the mastery, and he replied with truth, but not all the truth: "Well, you see, father, I am always running up against something, or something is forever running against me"; and then, to divert his questioner's attention, he climbed on his father and began to spar with this soldier of two wars, who little dreamed that he was being practised upon with the accumulated wisdom gained from youthful Indian combats.

Samantha, also, was undergoing a new tutelage with the dusky little savages on the border of the garrison. There was an interchange of civilities, Alf riding their ponies and they his—often to Samantha's disgust when four of the copper-colored playmates squeezed between his ears and tail, their legs flying out on each side till the pony looked like a centipede.



Alf protested against the walloping to which the little animal had to submit, but the urchins signed to him that the same treatment was permissible with their tough little brutes.

around him, pointing meaningly to the bare backs of their own ponies. Off came the saddle and bridle, and in Samantha's aristocratic mouth was thrust a rope to guide him. The

Kid, thanks to his early training, could stick like a bur to the round, smooth back. The Indian boys were rarely allowed any but the slow pack-ponies for play, and Alf won twice. The third contestant (for he had to match himself against each one) made signs to change ponies; and here the trickiness of the Indian crept in, for to the Kid was given a racer which he had never seen, an animal which was also a vixen. The little group surrounded him as he leaped to his place. He was rosy with excitement, his eyes dancing with the fun of it all. The sinewy, bronze bodies of the Indian boys were moist with sweat and glistened in the sun, and their eager, brilliant eyes and graceful motions and gestures exhibited impatience for the start. The ponies were equally impatient to be off.

The braves were either leaning against

The Kid was no match for these little Bedouins in riding, but he entered into everything with such fervor, he sometimes won from mere audacity. A race was suggested by the nimble finger-talk of his playmates; but when he began to unfasten the surcingle and to "cinch" Samantha more securely, they rushed whooping

their huts or squatted near the tepees, where no move of the ponies could escape their vigilant eyes, while the squaws rested a short time from their hard tasks to watch the favorite diversion of the red man. At the signal, away bounded the contestants, amid the yells and ki-yi-ings of the savages. Samantha's short canter left him



THE RACE WITH THE INDIAN BOYS.

far behind this fleetest of the herd belonging to the scouts, and the Kid shouted back exultantly. But before the sound died on the still summer air the fiendishness of the pony developed. He came to a sudden stop, reared in an instant, unseated Alf, and, looking back, the whites of his eyes showing viciously, he shot his small hoof squarely against the boy's head. For a moment the blue sky above Alf was full of stars, then came the blackness of night. The small hands fell lifeless at his sides, and the pallor of death settled in the poor little Kid's upturned face.

It required but a moment for the chief of the Indian band, whose keen eyes took in the catastrophe, to leap to the back of a pony and gallop down the smooth stretch of ground along the river. He carefully lifted Alf in his arms, mounted, and slowly and very contritely made his way back to the post. The Indian boys ran beside him for a while, mute and awed by the Kid's white face. The squaws crept on behind, wailing in the weird tones of their race, and all the motherly feeling in them sorrowing according to their rude fashion. No funeral could have been more impressive.

Malony, ever watchful when school hours were over, intercepted the procession, distress and dismay in his kind face when he saw the limp form of the boy he so dearly loved.

Alf's body nearly naked, covered with bruises, the blood flowing from his face, were not understood by the striker, who had so recently seen him enter school bonny and joyous. Anger took possession of him. He shook his fist in the face of the chief, and the original Irish of his boyhood returned in a torrent of abuse. The uncomprehending Indian was astute enough to know that it all meant hatred, distrust, and probable disgrace, but he would not relinquish his burden until he had laid the Kid on his little bed. Then came Malony's hardest task; for, after sending for the surgeon, the colonel must be notified, and he felt keenly that the accident to the Kid would reflect on his vigilance. The Indian still stood over the bed, gesticulating in explanation; but the poor father was too overwhelmed with the condition of his boy to try to understand, and signed to the chief to go to his quarters until he could see

him with the interpreter. He gathered the Kid in his arms and moaned with agony. The little arms that usually twined about the father's neck in response to every caress dropped heavily by his side. The colonel's lonely life would be absolute desolation if the lad he so loved sank out of life in the prolonged swoon. His helplessness came over him, and he realized with the poignancy of fresh grief what the mother would have been to her boy at such an hour.

The maids wept, but knew nothing of illness. Not the tremble of an eyelash nor a quiver on the lad's face gave a sign of life.

In a few moments the surgeon came in quietly, felt for the heart, listened to the faint breath, passed his skilled fingers over the wounded face, then sent the striker and maids for necessities and a message summoning his wife. After all this he turned to the colonel, who, true to the soldierly discipline of self-control, was silent, but had hid his face in the pillow on which the dearest possession of his life so mutely lay. He raised his head at the hopeful tone of the surgeon's voice:

"It's only a broken nose, colonel, and pretty desperate insensibility; but, thanks to the Indian custom of not shoeing their ponies, your boy's life is saved."

As soon as the restoratives had done their work, the dazed little Kid opened his eyes, muttering: "I'm ahead, I'm ahead!"

When he had taken his bearings, he began to beseech his father not to punish Malony. "I need it, I know; I played hooky from school, father, when Malony was off at work, and it was n't his fault that he could n't look out for me; and, father, I'm going to 'out with it,' no matter what comes: I've been running away from the tormenting old books for ever so long. I thought I'd learn a heap about fighting from all the scraps I had with the Indian boys, and from their riding, too. I had to strip for it, you see, but they 'did' me, daddy, and I've got my lesson; but don't punish me very hard. You'd say, if you'd seen it all, that I got licked nearly enough down there!"

When the surgeon made ready for the necessary operation the Kid broke down. Fright at the prospect of being hurt, and perhaps a little vanity combined, produced a real boohoo.

"Well, son, would you rather go through life with a broken bridge to your nose, or grin and bear it?"

"Oh, daddy, I can bear it, I s'pose, but I never was handsome. I've heard people talking of it when they thought I could n't hear. I had n't anything but my McKee nose,—you said it was a McKee nose, father,—and now that 's smashed!"

"No, son; it will be patched up so well the McKees will not disown it, I promise; for I know an officer who had his nose broken when he was a boy, by a kick from a cavalry horse, and he 's not disfigured."

Of course the surgeon's wife mothered the winning, motherless boy. The colonel could scarcely stay away through his morning office-hours.

Malony brought tokens of affection—a fine prairie-dog, and a broken-legged puppy that limped at the Kid's heels forever after; the maids were willingly dominated over by the young tyrant: but, all the same, when the splints to his nose were removed, the injury scarcely noticeable, the reckoning that he knew awaited him came.

The indulgent father could not help a thrill of pride at thought of all the wounds the Kid had borne without a thought of sympathy, when his pluck was being put to the test with the dusky little warriors. Neither could he fail to see that such discipline to his temper and endurance would stand him in well when he came to a real battle-field. But his heart was burdened by this first lack of confidence in him, this first evasion of the truth. It all ended in the boy's being forbidden to go again to the Indian quarters. No punishment could have been greater, and life was pretty dull to the lonely little boy.

It moved the quick Irish sympathies of the striker to see the Kid week after week looking longingly down the river toward the scouts' quarters. At last he worked his courage to the point of knocking shyly at the colonel's door. Speaking in the third person, according to regulations between enlisted men and officers, he said: "Could Malony speak to the colonel?"

"Go on, Malony," was the response.

"I would like to say to the colonel that Master Alf is loike to pine himself sick all by his lonesome, and would the colonel be willing to let him go to the Injun quarters again? He can't understand their heathenish old gibberish, and the old divils (savin' your prudence) won't let their brats try no more pony tricks on Master Alfred, for they 're scared stiff, since he got hurted, for fear they 'll all be sent back to their agency."

This lawyer-like plea ended in permission to the Kid to go to the Indians after school, on condition that he would promise to ride Samantha only.

Soon after this the colonel forced himself to a final decision about sending his son to an Eastern military preparatory-school. Then Alf's soldierly ardor wavered. There was a struggle in his soul. He cared little for books, and he tried to wheedle his father into changing his mind.

In his desperation at leaving home, he said one day, "I don't want to go to West Point."

"If I had always been told, up to your age, that I was intended for West Point, and had been taught in every possible way to prepare for it, I think I should have appreciated it," said his father in a low voice.

The tone and look of this dearest of fathers brought the tears. The Kid rushed forward and threw his arms about his father's neck and capitulated. "Daddy, don't look like that; I 'll go!"

The good-bys were said, and the colonel walked the silent, echoing house, trying to quell the swelling of his throat and suppress the sighing for his boy.

While Alf was East at school his father's regiment was ordered to Texas. Texas was in parts then almost as uncivilized and unknown as the plains, so that the boy came home for his vacation to much the same wild, fascinating life that he had left so reluctantly.

There was a welcome from officers' line to barracks.

The Kid returned to garrison with a fresh acquisition of slang, but no swagger. Almost his first word was: "Daddy, I 've taken a prize, and it 's a prize in arithmetic, too!"

"Prepare me," said his astonished father, "before you make such wild statements."

"Well, I have it, all the same; and I went in for one to make you sure that I was really and truly sorry for my hookies."

His father was touched; and as for Malony, he went straight at the idea in the Kid's mind. "And is it pinnince you 're doin' for scaring us out of our wits? Well, Master Alf, that middel [medal] you 're wearin' may mean that you have got l'arnin', but as for me, I 've got *minry* [memory], and I 'm white to the gills now at recollectin' you lopping over the arm of that Injun, as he carried you home from the race."

On the first ride upon Samantha the Kid's legs did not exactly drag, but his father said laughingly: "If you keep on growing you 'll have to take a tuck in those ungainly extremities of yours, or Samantha will have a real 'walk-over.'"

"Oh, daddy, he 's a Jim Dandy, even if he is n't so very tall! I 'd shorten my stirrups if it was n't that it would put my knees right up in his ears."

"But, son, I want you to try a larger horse now, with a long, swinging lope. That little 'te-chug, te-chuggerty' of his won't answer if you wish to be a fine rider. Samantha is so slow he falls in rear of my horse like an orderly. One would



TWO OF MALONY'S PRESENTS.

think he 'd been drilled to tactics, and knew that an orderly must keep six yards behind the officer he serves."

"Well, father, I love Samantha, and it does n't seem quite square not to have him out every

day; but I can't help thinking he 'd feel real hurt if he saw me on one of the company's horses. When I am practising down at the stable I keep out of sight of our house so that some folks in the stall won't get jealous."

One day the colonel, on his round of duty, came upon the Kid battling with a troop horse for mastery.

"Oh, son, you 'll be worsted in that fight, I am afraid. That trick of rearing is inbred, and a horse jerking the bridle as he does needs stronger wrists than yours."

But the Kid shouted back buoyantly: "Don't be nervous, father. He can't do a thing but throw me!"

On the long rides for bird-shooting Samantha was chosen. "I don't want him to feel that he is n't 'in it,' and I know he loves me, and I love back. Before he even saw me, when I came from school, he knew my step, and began to whinny, and how he did snooze in my neck, and poke his nose in the same old pocket for sugar!"

The Kid's room was a miniature armory. There were several rifles and a shot-gun, spurs, riding-crop, fishing-tackle, Indian curios, skins, and heads of the smaller animals his father had shot, as well as his first military sash and shoulder-straps.

"What 's this official communication on my desk, son?" said the colonel, one morning. "It reads like an order to begin with, and ends like the want column of a newspaper."

"It is a want, daddy—a very big one. It took all the spelling of a boy about my size to write it. 'Sixteen-caliber, double-barrel, hammerless shot-gun.'"

"What 's the conundrum, lad?"

"Only to remind you—well, to speak out, I thought that you might want to 'remember the day.'"

And so, after the birthday, these two friends rode miles to the haunts of the wild duck and quail, each armed with the latest improvement in weapons.

At last Alf had a playmate. A major appointed to the regiment brought children—a boy named Tom, older than the Kid, and a girl younger, and still more girls in pinafores. Alf confided his opinion of the oldest girl to his

father: "She takes command of the whole outfit if we let her along anywheres. You can't down her, and there's no shaking her if she sees us starting. She's such a tag!"

Malony was radiant after Alf's return. He rubbed Samanthy to such a shine that for some time the pony backed away at very sight of a currycomb. He left "tokens" in Alf's room as a surprise—the seven rattles of a snake, a horned toad, and a battered bugle that had been in an Indian fight, and finally another clumsily constructed note.

Alf ran with it to his father. "Daddy, I've got one on you, now," he cried. "Listen. I'm to have a dinner given me, and I can name the others that are to be asked. It's to be in the orderly-sergeant's room in Company K's barracks. Oh, father, I just hate to think of the time when, 'for the good of the service,' as you say, I can't run with the enlisted men! You lose a lot, daddy. It's the one thing I don't want to be an officer for. The regulations will keep me from my pals."

"Well, go to your party, Alf. I never knew the son of an officer to have one given him in the barracks before, and the men prove that you are 'not half bad' by asking you."

As soon as stable-call sounded the diners were compelled to go on duty, and Alf chased across the parade-ground to tell his father all about it.

"I was put at the head of the table—and such a table, father! I thought the legs would double under, it was so loaded. It leaked out that the game and birds had been hunted for; Sergeant O'Toole said it would n't be refused if some of the men fetched part of their own grub. Corporal Grant is pretty well set up about his cooking, so he said he horn-swoggled the company's cook into letting him bake biscuits in his oven. There was dried-apple pie with raisins, but the crust was as thick as saddle-skirts, and my teeth got in, and it sounded like Samanthy pulling his hoofs out of a mud-hole when I did finally bite through. And then there was a cake baked by a laundress, and it had n't baked, or something, in the middle. It had spice in it, and it was snowed under with frosting, and I just was n't slow in taking two helpings when I was asked.

Of course we had onions; I'd like to see a soldier spread without 'em! And oh, daddy, there was a little pink pig with an apple in his mouth!

"The sergeant said there would be one less at roll-call in somebody's barn-yard to-morrow morning; but he likes to talk big, as if he was too wicked to live. He bought the pig—Malony said so. Then we had coffee, and the men asked if I minded their pipes, and then, father, I pretty near bolted out of the window,



ALF SOUNDS THE "GENERAL."  
(SEE PAGE 978.)

for all the men at the table looked at me and called over and over, 'Speech, speech!'

"Well, I knew it was no use to flunk when they'd been so good to me, and I just waded right in."

"I'd like to hear your speech, Alf."

"I got up like this behind my chair, father, so as to hold on, and began, 'Ladies and gentlemen.' I had to stop and get red and take back the ladies—'being,' as Malony said, 'bachelors, and haythen for livin' away from those lights of our eyes.'

"Then I sailed in again, and they cried, 'Hear, hear!' I said, 'Gentlemen of Company K, I can only express my heartfelt thanks for your lovely repast by the quantity consumed and the greatness of my appetite.' Then I came to a dead stop, winded. After a minute I got my breath, and dropped all the stuff that I thought I'd say, and began like this about school: 'First I was so lonesome, and I wished myself back where all of you had given me such bully shindigs; but I had to get up and hump myself, as the buffalo said, for the boys laid for me. I had to wade in and wallop one or two, and I can tell you that I had my hands full, for they up and hollered from every side. 'Well, gen-



eral, show us if you 've got any sand," and did n't I just hug myself to think that I 'd been taught from a kid to wrestle and spar—and by *you*, my kind friends. And when I downed any of the pack that lit on me, it was *you* who had set me up in the tripping-up tricks, and put muscle in my arms by practice."

"They cheered me, and then began to talk, and asked me what I was going to do. Of course I told them 'be a soldier,' and hoped I 'd earn as many service stripes as they had on their sleeves.

"Then one got up and regularly roared out a Daniel Webster speech from the reader. What made him roar so, father?"

"It was old-fashioned oratory, I suppose—what is called a stump speech."

"Then Corporal Grant sang an Irish song, and swung a stick he called a shillalah. And the first sergeant recited some verses about 'a man 's a man, no matter whether he wear a plume or a cockade,' and each verse ended with some lines he cut from a newspaper that he gave me afterward:

'The pedigree of honey  
Does not concern the *bee*;  
A clover any time to him  
Is aris-toc-ra-*cee*.'

And he just laid himself out and hung on to the *bee* and the aris-toc-ra-*cee*. Oh, father! I was all of a flutter inside for fear I 'd laugh."

"According to your tale of all that you ate, son, there could n't have been much room for a flutter."

Samanthy, Toby, and Alf hung round one day when the colonel's orderly came to saddle his horse.

"It 's hard to say no to you, lad, but I can't take you on your slow little jog-trotter, for I must visit the distant herd."

"Well, but can't I go part way?"

"Oh, yes; I 'll try and hold my horse in; but I do wish that you would give up Samanthy."

"Daddy, don't make me cry, for the orderly 's looking, but please don't speak about Samanthy except when we 're alone. To ask me to give up Samanthy is just like asking a fellow to turn against his brother; we 're such pals."

"Yes, son; but keep Samanthy for a playmate, and begin to ride after big game with me on a real horse."

"Can't I take him bird-shooting?"

"Oh, yes; he 's just the thing; he 'll follow like a kitten, when we have to dismount."

In and out of the brakes and swamps and ponds, up hill and down dale, went these friends, the father growing prouder daily of his son's marksmanship. As they were pushing out of a jungle on foot, one day, the colonel said: "Samanthy is a little too attentive, Alf; he shoves himself alongside of me, and when I remonstrate he backs a little, but keeps so close he almost treads on my heels."

"Well, father, I suppose he thinks nothing can go on without him. He 's been in everything I ever did yet."

As they came to a narrow defile, with the branches of the trees festooned with moss and the ground tangled with vines and thick underbrush, Samanthy forgot his manners and crowded to the front. There was hardly room for two abreast. The colonel, peering into the thicket for birds, heard what he took to be the whirr of pheasants' wings, and he lifted his gun to take aim. The Kid, pressing on, saw with his keen eyes that it was nothing so harmless as the rising of a covey of birds. A huge rattlesnake, overlooked by the colonel in his intense concentration on the thicket, lay coiled directly in front of him, the vicious mouth hissing, the eyes gleaming with fire. Alf was in agony. He could not fire, for his father or the pony would have received the shot, as they were placed.

But a more vigilant pair of eyes than even the Kid's had discovered the reptile, and with a spring in front of the colonel, and with the nicest exactitude, down came the pony with a buck jump, his hoofs close together on the head of the snake, crushing in the deadly fangs, and flattening the skull into the soft soil!

Still there was an ominous rattle of the tail, and the little nag gathered himself again, bowed his supple back, and drove his hoofs into the mottled skin of the deadly foe of mankind.

In a moment the Kid's arms were about his father's neck in a close hug, and the colonel held him close, with dear and tender words.

But the orderly was coming up, and the Kid wanted to seem, before him, like a scarred warrior of a hundred battles; so he tore himself from his father's arms, threw his own about the pony, and called out:

"Daddy, what about Samanthly now?"

To Alf's delight, orders came from division headquarters sending the regiment back to the old post of the summer before. Not only was it a world of interest and novelty to be marching beside his father on a troop horse at the head of the long column, sometimes twenty miles a day, but they made a new camp every night, and he had a hand in selecting the suitable ground. At the end of the route he found himself once more where he could run back and forth to the Indian scouts, and he was jubilant, for there never had been anything in the varied excitement of his life on the frontier to compare with the companionship and stirring sports of the Indian boys. Besides, as was natural with a boy, he was not without a secret delight in seeing Tom put through some of the discipline that he had endured from his dusky playmates. Night after night he had a long story to tell his father of the day's pastimes. "Tom's game, daddy, but he looks like a lobster some days when the Indian lads are going for him. He gets so red trying not to cry, for they pitch into him for all they're worth. They don't play like white boys, but it's the only kind of play that they know."

"But I rather think it won't be a bad thing for him when he goes back to school with me. It gave me a cinch over the other boys, I can tell you, and Tom won't blubber every time the first-class men light on him, after the Indian kids have got through with him here."

"What else do you do besides wrestle and pommel each other, now there's no school, and you have all day for it?" asked the colonel.

"We're learning to stampede cattle. We steal up on them, and shake blankets to scare 'em. They play they're the cattle. Tom and I let on that we're raw recruits, and go riding on as stupid as owls, instead of looking around as you and all our soldiers do in an Indian country, and studying every rock and sage-

brush. Then, while we're mooning on, up jumps a pack of Indian boys and tries to take us prisoners. We never let on that we've learned any tactics of our own men, and I can tell you, we're getting on to a lot of their tricks. Sometimes we are dead tired when they post us for two hours behind a clump of cactus. But you don't catch us owning up that we're tired. We lie on our stomachs on the off-side of a divide and study the enemy, and when they come stealing along the gully we just swoop on 'em with a whoop (you could n't tell our yell from theirs, hardly), and it's no easy snap capturing them, either. Then, they've taught us how to pitch a tepee, and make a camp-fire and cook stuff over it. *Such* messes, daddy; and I have to make signs that I can't take anything so soon after dinner, so as to get 'em to leave off bullying us into eating. And we pack their travois for a march, and load the ponies, and I can tell you that they know how to make things stay when they tie knots in the thongs. And now we know all their games pretty well, and we have shown them some of ours. Oh, father, I tell you, there's nothing slow down there."

A summer camp for part of the garrison was pitched on the most level place on the plains outside the garrison. There were now also two companies of infantry, and it was quite a little village of tents. The divides and gullies, as the summits and depressions of the waves of rolling land are called, stretched on for illimitable miles. The herd of cattle, that was kept to supply the garrison with meat, was guarded by sentinels beyond the camp. Half a mile away on the river-bank the huts of the Indian scouts grouped themselves.

One hot afternoon, when the camp was still and the post seemingly deserted, Tom and Alf ran down to their pals for a frolic. To their intense delight, a small band of savages from a distant tribe had arrived for a visit. The pipe of peace was smoked, presents exchanged, and the usual swapping went on, and then the inevitable pot taken from the fire, from which each guest fished something with a stick. All this powwow was new to the boys, and they hardly stirred while looking on at the exchange of Indian civilities. Tom's people dined early,

and he feared being forbidden the camp entirely if he went home late. So he was compelled to leave in the very midst of the novel scene.

After Alf had seen the strangers mount their ponies and depart, he turned homeward in the gathering twilight. Practising still his new-learned Indian tactics, he crept from one sage-

brush to another, laid himself flat behind the little heaps of stones that they had piled in their warlike play, observing the camp, the herd, the distant sentinels, when, as he was thus making his slow progress to the post, he saw a slight movement of a sage-brush on a divide not far away. The Kid's eye, drilled by the summer's practise in the play with the Indian comrades, took in the situation almost at once. He had the caution to crawl on softly till quite hidden by a divide. Then he took to his legs, also

having been drilled by his dusky teachers in practise as an Indian "runner" who carries news from one tribe to another. Charging into his father's room, he found, to his great disappointment, that it was empty. Then to the stable, "Malony, come here! Tell me quick where father is. I've got some important news."

"He's gone to a dinner given for the inspector-general, who came to-day, and he won't be home till midnight; but what is it, lad?"

"It's Indians, Malony. I was playing that I was an Indian scout, and trying to see if I could creep through the gullies all the way home from the river, and what did I see but the top twigs of a sage-brush wiggle—ever so little, but they *did* wiggle. There was n't any wind, so I sort of scented a trick. I squirmed along so as to get a look at the farther side of the divide, and there lay a roll that looked like a body, but, oh, such a still one! I'm sure it's a 'hostile,' Malony. You know it's their way to lie as if dead, and spy out everything, and get the whole camp by heart before they attack."

"Oh, now, Master Alf, you've been playing with those little Indian fiends so much, you've got yourself worked up to such a pitch, you can't see nothing but the deviltry of the red men. We hain't seen no hostiles near us for all this summer. What you saw was just one of our friendly scouts from their camp, scanning everything up here with his lazy eye to see what's going on. They're like foolish women for curiosity. You just go on to bed, and I'll fetch up some supper, for it's gettin' late."



SAMANTHY KILLS THE RATTLESNAKE.

brush to another, laid himself flat behind the little heaps of stones that they had piled in their warlike play, observing the camp, the herd, the distant sentinels, when, as he was thus making his slow progress to the post, he saw a slight movement of a sage-brush on a divide not far away. The Kid's eye, drilled by the summer's practise in the play with the Indian comrades, took in the situation almost at once. He had the caution to crawl on softly till quite hidden by a divide. Then he took to his legs, also

"But, Malony, you're only trying to quiet me so I won't have nightmare."

"No, I ain't, Master Alf. I'll get up before reveille,—that's the time the red sarpints attack,—and do my best at creeping along where you went, and try to spy 'em out, to make you sure there ain't no danger to the post; but with my girth I could n't sim-i-late a snake quite as well as you," he added slyly.

Alf, thus quieted by the promise, fell asleep at last, dreaming of Indians, though, and talking of them as he dreamed. He wakened with a start before day, and the weight of some heavy care oppressed him. As the recollection of the night before swept over him, he sprang out of bed, scrambled into his clothes, and tipped lightly to Malony's room. The Irish soldier was snoring.

The Kid hesitated about waking his father, as Malony's reasoning of the night before was influencing him; and yet he could not quiet his suspicion that what

he had discovered was a hostile Indian sentinel, and that this was only one of a number stretched out along the ridges at intervals, taking in every move in the camp, calculating the number of troops, noting the carelessness of the sentinels, who after a summer of idly walking their beats

would naturally be led somewhat to relax their soldierly vigilance. In the same careful manner of the day before, the Kid returned through the gully, crawling in open spaces, and running when hidden by a sharp cut or cleft in the side of the bank, until he was some distance down



"THREE CHEERS FOR THE KID!" (SEE PAGE 979.)

the valley. At last, half a mile away, he saw, by the first streaks of dawn, a party of horsemen trailing slowly toward the fort, hiding as much as possible in the shadow of the underbrush that grew along the river.

Alf knew the difference in the mount, the out-

lines of the riders, the wary movements, and was certain that it was the advance-guard of an Indian column. It flashed over him that the very band he had seen entertained at the camp of scouts the day before had been palming themselves off as friends in order to learn more about the garrison and the summer camp. The way home seemed endless. Breathless and agitated as he was, he realized that he must return in the same secret and wary manner of his going out.

Alf's absorbing thought was to save the camp, and when he realized that he alone knew of the approaching peril to the sleeping troops, leagues of land appeared to lie between him and the fort.

When finally he did reach the headquarters office there was still nothing stirring. The beat of the sentinel at the guard-house was the only sound. He ran into the office, which was never locked, and seized the trumpet hanging on a peg. Alas! he could not bring forth a sound, only wheezing and whistling as if he still were a beginner. But he was only winded after the sudden chase as he was nearing home, and he knew he must give his lungs a chance. When he tried once more, out rang the "general" as clear as if the trumpet was sounding parade-call instead of the call to arms. Again he blew a blast, running farther out on the parade-ground in order to be heard better. A few soldiers appeared at the barrack doors.

The Kid, not satisfied with the "general," which never had seemed to him to be sufficiently stirring for an alarm, now tried the fire-call, fearing no one would realize the danger approaching so stealthily but surely.

The sentinel at the guard-house responded at once by successive shots from his carbine. Then swarms of dazed, sleepy soldiers poured out of the barracks. The infantry drummer hurled himself over the ground from his quarters, and when Alf stopped to breathe, the drummer began to beat the long roll, that most doleful and prolonged of all the calis, which seems to presage disaster before the battle has even begun.

The officers rushed from all the quarters, buckling on their sabers as they ran to the office to find the meaning of the alarm. Alf was

almost unconscious of the wild medley going on about him, he was so intent on the duty he felt devolved on him alone; but when his father came hurrying to him, he took breath to say, in reply to his question:

"It's Indians, father, down the river. The advance-guard is half a mile away. I knew they were coming, daddy. I saw one of their sentinels last night, crouching near the camp; but I could n't make Malony believe it, and I was afraid you would n't either, so this morning I went to see."

The colonel instantly ordered the second trumpeter to sound the "general" through the summer camp, the headquarter trumpeter to call "boots and saddles" and repeat it, and in five minutes he was on his horse, the stables were emptied, the troopers mounted, hatless, saddleless, and charging with and without orders down the valley, on the heels of the now stampeded advance-guard of the Indian column.

Only this handful of savages were captured — and they proved to be, as the Kid guessed, the visitors of the day before. The main body of the foe, large enough to have destroyed the summer camp, unprepared as it was, were seen miles away on the gallop.

Then the line broke, and they scattered through the gullies, as is their custom when close pressed by pursuit. The string of watchful sentinels between them and the advance-guard had warned them in time to secure their escape.

After Alf had done all that he could with the trumpet to warn the garrison, he seized a horse that had eluded his rider at the stable, and followed the flying troops. He was soon in the thick of it all. The men, forgetting all discipline of silence in the excitement of the chase, called to him from all sides, for it had spread through the ranks that he was the one who had given the first alarm.

All down the line as the Kid rode by there were shouts of "Hero!" The boy had never heard such praise. Even army discipline could not restrain the enthusiastic soldiers. His pluck and shrewdness were praised to the skies. The Kid said, afterward, "They made me feel like hiding my head in a gopher-hole!"



While the colonel rode to the rear to see that no hot-headed cavalryman should dash after the retreating hostiles, some of the men lifted the Kid from his horse, and he was carried on the shoulders of one trooper after another, amid hubbub and shouts of "Three cheers for the Kid!" The other officers never interfered, but heartily joined in to give three cheers and a tiger.

When Alf reached home and the quiet of his father's room, he shut the door and locked it, and flung himself in the colonel's arms exhausted, hiding his eyes, which were far from being dry now that the reaction had come.

"What, Alf, my boy, giving in now when all is over? If you were a man you could not have acted with a cooler head and with better judgment. That's the first thing for a soldier to learn."

"Daddy, I was longing and waiting to hear what you'd say, and now I'm happy. Oh, did n't the soldiers holler splendid things at me when we were coming home!"

"Well, lad," said his father, very heartily, "you saved the day, and I am not sorry that the men forgot discipline for once and applauded you. And I want you to know, son, that this is the proudest day of your father's life."



JIMMY (TO THE AUDIENCE): "NOW, RUTH, KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, AND YOU 'LL SEE THE GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE."

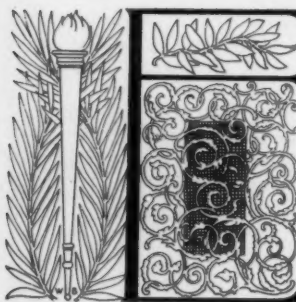
## PRETTY POLLY PERKINS.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

[This story was begun in the May number.]

### CHAPTER XV.

MOLLY CONFIDES IN UNCLE BERT AND POLLY.



INDMEADOW

was such a quiet nook that little of the bustle of the outer world ever reached it, even during the busy weekdays; and Sunday was restful and calm in-

deed. Mabel enjoyed the peaceful quiet, and was glad to sit upon the lawn with her father and mother during the long afternoon, while her father read aloud; and Ruth, whose Sunday was her only day of rest, sat quietly beside them.

Miss Wheeler, Polly, and Uncle Bert had gone for a long walk in the woods, for they found many interests in common, and Uncle Bert had endless stories to tell of the wild ranch life and the beautiful Western scenery.

"What do you think of the prospect for chestnutting, pretty Poll?" he called to Polly, who was skipping along ahead, happy as a butterfly.

"The what?" asked Polly, who had not understood the question.

"Do you think Jack Frost is going to shower chestnuts on us by and by?"

"Yes, indeed, I do," answered Polly. "We have loads of fun gathering 'em under these trees every fall, and this is nut year, you know."

"No, I don't know," said Molly, "and you must tell me what you mean."

"Why, pa always says that we never have many nuts the same year there is a lot of apples, and last year we had loads and loads of apples, and hardly any nuts, so this year we 'll have the nuts—don't you see?"

"Yes, I see. I hope my little patient will be ready to help gather them when they fall," said Molly, seriously.

"I hope so, too, with all my heart; and now that you have spoken of it, Miss Wheeler, I want to ask you your opinion of Mabel's condition," said Uncle Bert. "I don't like to say much about it when her father and mother are within hearing."

"She is doing well," replied Miss Wheeler, "but the case is a peculiar one. The child has suffered so long that she dreads the thought of pain, and shrinks from exerting herself lest it cause a return of it. But she *must* exert herself a little, or worse than pain will follow. Much as I should dread it, I believe that some sudden fright which would cause her to forget herself would be her very best remedy. True, it might mean a fit of sickness from the shock; but I firmly believe that it would do more for her in other respects than anything else could, and certainly would be less serious than the calamity which now threatens her, and of which all are so unconscious."

"Do you mean, Miss Wheeler, that Mabel may never be able to walk any more if she does n't try hard herself?" asked Polly, as they were returning home.

"Yes, deary; but you will be careful not to let her guess that we have said anything about it, won't you?"

"I 'll be careful; I won't say one single

word. But oh, *how* I wish that I could make her walk!"

The house seemed wonderfully quiet after Uncle Bert and Mr. Temple went back to New York, and Mabel was quite forlorn without them.

One morning, soon after their departure, Molly said to Polly, "We must try to get Mabel upon her feet to-day. It will be hard work, I am afraid, but we will make an attempt."

"Do you think she will try?" asked Polly, eagerly.

"I hope so," answered Molly.

A few hours later Mabel and Polly sat on the porch waiting for Jesse to bring Tony to them; for hardly a morning passed without a drive, and Polly was almost always Mabel's companion.

"Mabel darling, will you do something to please me very much this morning?" asked Molly, when she came to help her to the carriage.

"Indeed I will, if I can," was the reply.

"Then try to walk across the piazza for me," said Molly, persuasively.

"Oh, Miss Wheeler, it *does* hurt me so!" said Mabel, pathetically.

"Yes, dear, I know it is painful, but I am so anxious to see my girlie able to walk about once more, and I know she never can unless she makes an effort herself; please try." And placing her arm about Mabel, she helped her up, sustaining all her weight, while Polly flew to the other side, saying:

"There, rest your hand on my shoulder, and try, do try, just as hard as ever you can. Don't mind leaning on me; I'm just as strong as can be."

But the poor little limbs were pitifully weak and painful, and it was the most exquisite torture for the child to use them again. She struggled along, her feet almost dragging, and very unlike the active, springy steps which she had taken one brief year before.

"Why, you are doing beautifully!" cried Molly, encouragingly, her heart aching as she watched the struggle.

Slowly they crept along the piazza; but when about half-way across her strength deserted her altogether and she would have fallen but for the quick support of Molly's strong arm.

"Oh, Molly, Molly dear, I can't, I truly can't!" she cried. "It *does* hurt me so." And Miss Wheeler, feeling that at least a little had been gained, said cheerfully: "But you have done wonders; only think, you have actually walked half-way across the piazza, and what madam mother will say I don't know!" And catching her up, she carried her to the phaëton and set her comfortably among the cushions. But Mabel was pale from pain and exertion, and glad to lean back and rest.

Polly was joyful as a cricket, and said, "Now you will do just so every day, won't you? And I'll help as hard as ever I can."

"I'll try to; but it hurts me dreadfully," said Mabel, with tears in her eyes, "and I wish I could just have it all over at once."

"But it will hurt you less each time you try, dear; it really will," said Miss Wheeler. "It is the first shock to the unused muscles and nerves which renders it so painful. And now good-by. Have a delightful drive—and take extra good care of her, Jesse."

"Yas 'm, I will, sartin," said Jesse, who had looked upon the scene with the deepest sympathy.

One day Mabel and Polly went for a drive to a beautiful place on the banks of the Connecticut River. During their outing, Mabel learned that Polly, inspired by a visiting artist, had developed a great fondness for drawing, and had made many sketches.

Upon reaching home, they had found Mrs. Temple seated upon the piazza, and even before she could be helped from the carriage Mabel called out:

"Oh, mama, what do you think? Polly has something to show us, and I want you to help her; you will, won't you?"

"Very gladly, if I'm able, when I've found out what it is."

"She has been drawing some pictures, and is going to let us look at them, and she wants you to tell her how to do them properly," Mabel explained.

Polly ran up to her room to get her art productions, and soon returned with a dozen or more sheets of paper upon which she had drawn curious faces, wild flowers, animals, landscapes, or birds, as the fancy struck her.

"I s'pose they are dreadful-looking things, but I *do* so love to make them, and I 'd give anything if I could do as that artist woman used to."

Mrs. Temple took up the papers bearing evidences of Polly's artistic ventures, and was surprised at them.

"Did you have any instruction at all from the artist, Polly?" asked Mrs. Temple.

"No; she never showed me how. I only watched to see what she did, and then tried to do it when I was alone."

"You certainly have done remarkably well, dear, and I am surprised at the results."

"I 'm so glad you think so, for I dearly love to do it, and it comes natural to me."

"Sit here beside me and try to draw something for me. Choose that tree over there, and let me see how well you can do it, with a little assistance from me."

Polly sat down, and soon had a gnarled old apple-tree outlined on her paper.

Mrs. Temple watched closely, and, offering a suggestion here, putting a telling stroke there, helped Polly overcome the difficulties that had so long baffled her.

Each day after that Polly worked away with Mrs. Temple, and made rapid progress; for the child really possessed remarkable talent, and needed only a little instruction in order to develop it. Mrs. Temple was quick to discover it, and to realize that, though only a child, Polly bade fair to become an artist in the course of time. And what good times they had! for Polly worked very faithfully, and Mrs. Temple took infinite pains with her little pupil.

And so July sped away, and almost before they realized it, August was upon them. It was an unusually hot and dry one, and the whole country-side panted in the heat.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### POLLY HELPS MABEL.

"JOSH," said Mr. Perkins, one morning about two weeks later, as he was harnessing Roaney for a trip up to Springfield, "you 'd better burn off that medder lot ter-day. There ain't any wind ter speak of, and it 's time it was cleared off."

"All right," said Josh; "I 'll do it this afternoon, right after dinner. Ma wants me to fetch up them termaters for her this mornin'." And Josh began to collect his baskets, little dreaming how much would happen upon the quiet farm before the tomatoes with which he expected to fill them would be canned.

The morning, even at that early hour, was very warm, and it bade fair to be an oppressively hot day. As the morning advanced the sun's rays became intolerable, and the air fairly quivered as it rose from the dry, dusty road.

"I think I have never experienced a more oppressive day," said Mrs. Temple, at dinner. "It is too warm to do anything but sit quietly under the trees, and even there it is almost stifling."

"Yes; it makes one long for a sea-breeze," replied Molly; "so let us do the next best thing, since we can't have that, and take one from the creek."

"Do you think we would find one there, Molly?"

"We might try, at any rate."

"Let 's go down to the willows, after dinner, and take Bonny. She 'll like to stand in the water to-day, and maybe she 'll keep so still I can sketch her," said Polly.

"That would be lovely," cried Mabel. "Will you come too, mama?"

"I think not, dear. The heat to-day has given me a headache, so I think I will lie down soon after dinner and try to sleep. That may cure it, and put a little animation into me as well, for I feel strangely dull and depressed. If I were given to superstitions I should feel sure that some calamity were about to overtake me, so it is fortunate that I am not."

Choosing the shadiest paths, they soon reached the willows, and Bonny promptly took advantage of her opportunity by plunging up to her stomach in the cool water, where she stood flapping her ears and tail to shoo off the flies.

Placing Mabel's chair under one of the trees, Molly helped Polly get her sketching materials in order. Miss Wheeler read aloud, and Mabel was busy upon a piece of fancy work, some pretty embroidery, intended for her mother's birthday gift in September.

Polly's work progressed, and Mabel's fingers flew nimbly, till, reaching for her case of silks, she discovered that one color she needed had been left behind.

"Oh, dear! is n't that just *too* bad, for now I can't go on, and I do so want to finish just this little bit that remains."

"Which color do you want, dear?" asked Molly.

"That soft old-rose that we bought the other day. I thought I had put it in the case with my other silks, but I guess I must have left it in the bureau drawer."

"I'll go back and get it for you. It is too bad to stop now, when it needs so little to finish."

"I hate to have you go back while it is so fearfully hot, Molly. I'm dreadfully selfish to let you, I'm afraid."

"I don't mind it a bit. I'm a sort of salamander, and can stand a good deal of heat. Are you tired of sitting in your chair? Suppose I help you to that soft, grassy slope over there, so you can stretch a little."

"Yes, please do; and Polly can come when she has finished her sketch."

Mabel was soon nestling among the tall meadow-grasses, which rustled and waved about her, and bidding her take "forty winks" while she was gone, Molly left her.

Polly soon became absorbed in her work again, for she was an earnest little artist and forgot all else while working. Bonny continued her ruminating, and her little mistress worked on uninterrupted. How long she had worked she did not know, when suddenly she was brought back to her present surroundings by a stifling odor of smoke.

Springing to her feet, she looked behind her, to discover great volumes of smoke rolling toward her from the meadow above, while beyond the smoke fierce tongues of flame were shooting high above the dry grass.

With a wild cry of "Oh, Mabel, Mabel!" Polly dropped her work and flew to the helpless child's side.

Mabel looked about bewildered, and then, as her terrible situation burst upon her, she clasped her hands together and sat as motionless as if suddenly changed to a statue.

"Quick! quick!" cried Polly. "Let me get you into your chair, and then I can wheel it away"; and she struggled to lift Mabel into the chair. But even after she had succeeded in this, it was impossible to roll the chair in the direction she wished, for the only pathway for it lay right in the midst of the great clouds of smoke and wild flames beyond. Still Mabel gave no sound and uttered no outcry, as Polly, with almost miraculous strength, pushed the chair through the tall grass and as far from the approaching flames as possible. But she gained nothing, for all she could do was to go farther and farther away from home, and higher up the bank of the creek.

Almost suffocated by the smoke, she struggled on until her strength forsook her altogether, and, panting and gasping, she was forced to stop. Mabel gave one hopeless look, and then said in a frightened whisper:

"Go, Polly, go quickly, or you will be burned to death."

"What! go and leave you here to be burned up? No! you *know* I won't."

Brave little Polly clasped her arms around her helpless friend. On rolled the smoke and flames till the girls were almost surrounded.

"Oh, Mabel, Mabel! *can't* you walk? *can't* you?" implored Polly, in an agony. "Try to—*do* try! Lean on me; I'll help you."

"Yes, I think I *can*," said Mabel, in a strange, hushed sort of voice. "Come." And resting her hand on Polly's shoulder, she rose from the chair and staggered toward the steep path leading down the bank to the creek below.

At last they reached the water and tried to cross the creek. Had Mabel, like Polly, been on her feet it would have been a simple matter, for the water would not have been above their armpits at the deepest point; but she was obliged to crawl upon her hands and knees, and soon found the water nearly submerging her.

Again and again the poor child tried to struggle to her feet, only to be bound down by the weight of her wet clothes and her helpless legs; and just as they had gone about a third of the way across, her arms fell from Polly's waist, and with a moaning cry of "Oh,



mama, mama darling, come to me!" she fainted entirely away.

Polly was in desperate straits indeed. Behind her were the fiercely burning meadows, throwing

Terrified and trembling, she turned her tear-dimmed eyes to the blue skies above her, and cried out in her distress, "Dear God, help me to save Mabel. Oh, don't, don't let her drown!"



"OUT OF THE DOOR WALKED MABEL, ERECT AND UNAIDED." (SEE PAGE 987.)

great volumes of black smoke and showers of sparks over her head, which threatened every minute to ignite their thin cotton dresses; and before her was the water, from which she could neither draw Mabel back nor carry her forward.

Suddenly high and clear above the rush and roar of the flames the children heard the sound of old Nero's barking.

"Nero! Nero!" screamed Polly. "Oh, come quick! come quick!" And the next

instant Nero's huge form bounded down the bank and plunged into the water.

No need to direct the sagacious animal. His noble instinct guided him far better than words could have done, and catching hold of Mabel's dress just below her shoulders, he carried her safely to the opposite shore, where he laid her upon the grass and rushed back to Polly's aid; and none too soon, for the brave little girl's strength was gone, and when he got her to the bank Polly just clasped her arms about old Nero's neck and sobbed as if her heart would break, while he licked her face and hands and whined most piteously.

But shouts and cries from beyond told that help was near, as Josh, Molly, and Mrs. Perkins, with blanched, terror-stricken faces, rushed to the edge of the opposite bank, from which the flames had now passed, leaving a charred, blackened path behind them. To plunge into the water and cross to the children was but an instant's work, and gathering a child in each strong arm, Josh quickly carried them to the agonized women, who waited with outstretched arms to receive them.

"Thank God! oh, thank God!" cried Molly, as she gathered the still unconscious, dripping child in her arms, while Mrs. Perkins held Polly close and wept as she had never wept in all her life, as Polly clasped her arms about her neck and sobbed convulsively.

"And I never knew they were there—I never knew they were there!" Josh repeated again and again, as they hurried to the house.

Josh rushed off for the nearest physician, whose home was two miles away, and Jamie mounted Tony to ride to the railroad station with telegrams. Tony seemed to realize that he was expected to make an unusual effort, and stretched away as fast as his slender legs would carry him.

In a day or two, under careful nursing, Polly was quite recovered, and would have been her sunny little self again but for her anxiety for Mabel. As soon as steam could bring them, Mr. Temple, Uncle Bert, and a New York doctor arrived.

For nine days they battled bravely, and when the tenth dawned, Mabel, the fever over, opened her eyes to find her father beside her.

"Dear, dear daddy!" was all she said, and, with a soft sigh, turned her face upon the pillow and fell into a peaceful slumber.

When Mabel was strong enough to talk, she told them of Polly's heroism, and no need to tell how Polly was praised and thanked.

One morning, about a week later, Mrs. Temple walked into Mrs. Perkins's sitting-room, and seating herself upon a low chair beside the latter, took her hand in her own, saying:

"Lay aside your darning for a time, you ever-busy woman, and let me have a little talk with you, for I've something of importance to say."

Mrs. Perkins looked up in surprise, and said quickly:

"Mabel ain't worse, is she?"

"No, indeed; on the contrary, she seems to gain strength hourly."

Then, after a few more words about Mabel's condition, Mrs. Temple spoke of Polly's taste for drawing: "Mrs. Perkins, the child has really a remarkable talent which should certainly be cultivated, since it may prove a source of pleasure and profit as well later on. Endmeadow offers no facilities for so doing, nor does it seem feasible to send her to Springfield to pursue her studies. On the other hand, New York's opportunities are almost unlimited, and Polly could there have every advantage. I need hardly add that our home should be hers, and that I would care for her as I care for Mabel. Can you spare your little sunshine, Mrs. Perkins, and let her go with us to town for the winter? Please say yes."

"And do you s'pose I could say anything else? I'd be the ungratefulest critter that ever trod shoe-leather. But what her pa'll say I don't know. He ain't given to much talk, but he sets a sight o' store by Polly, and I don't know how the winter'll seem to him without her. Howsomever, I'll talk it over with him, and I don't generally make much work o' fetchin' him to my views about the children. But I've got just this to say by way of endin' up: If ever yer 'n need of a friend, if ever yer want anything done that one pair o' willin' hands can do fer yer, there ain't no friend nor no hands in all this wide world that 's goin' ter be more ready and willin' than those that grew at the end o' Mary Jane Per-

kins's arms; and may the good Lord bless you and yours forever and ever. Amen."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### MRS. TEMPLE'S BIRTHDAY.

THE soft September days slipped quickly away, bringing to Mabel renewed strength.

Sometimes now she was carried downstairs to take her seat upon the porch, and with Molly's help she managed, as her strength returned, to take a few steps about her room, and before long could walk the length of the porch without pain, although her weakness rendered it very fatiguing. However, each day seemed to lessen that also, and the old inertia and paralysis seemed gone forever.

No one realized more fully than Mabel herself just how rapidly she was gaining, and when she found that she could get about once more, her ambition to walk alone became her all-absorbing thought. But Molly had never allowed her to attempt it, lest a fall should undo all that had been gained. But one day when she and Polly were alone—and indeed Polly was rarely far from her nowadays—Mabel said to her:

"Polly, I'm going to walk across the room to that bureau. I *know* I can do it—I just feel it all through me; and don't you touch me, will you?"

"Oh, can you? do you dare? No; I won't put even my little finger on you, but I won't be two inches away from you."

Slowly Mabel raised herself to her feet, and steadying herself upon the couch from which she had just risen, began her journey toward the bureau, Polly hovering close beside her, with arms outstretched ready to grasp her at the first sign of an upset. But there was no need, for each step grew firmer, and when she reached her goal and dropped into a chair she was quivering more with excitement and delight than with fatigue.

"Did n't I do splendidly? oh, did n't I do splendidly?" And Polly could only hug her for a reply.

When Molly returned to the room a few moments later she could hardly believe her eyes, and when told the news, wildly cried:

"Three cheers for Mabel, Polly, and Molly!"

"What is going on in here?" asked Mrs. Temple, popping her head in at the door. "Seems to me you are very merry over something, and I'd like to share the fun."

"Oh, you must n't ask questions so near your birthday," cried Mabel, quickly, giving a significant glance to Molly and Polly, which they were bright enough to understand.

"So, sets the wind in that quarter?" laughed Mrs. Temple. "I thought there must be some mighty conspiracy at work when three such wiseacres kept their heads so close together."

After talking for a few moments, she decided that her room, just at that time, was preferable to her company, and wisely cut her visit short. No sooner had she vanished than tongues were let loose, and great plans made for the 28th.

"I tell you," said Polly, eagerly; "you walk all alone a little each day, and don't let Mrs. Mama know a thing about it; don't let her guess you can stir without Miss Wheeler to help you; and then, on her birthday, we'll give her a grand surprise. Oh, won't it be just splendid to see how glad she'll be?"

"Just the very thing. Polly, you have a brain fit for a diplomat," said Molly.

"Who was he?" asked Polly, innocently.

"He was, is, or will be, as it happens, a fellow who can do a big lot of thinking in about half the time some other fellow can," laughed Molly.

"Now, I've an idea, too," said Mabel. "On mama's birthday let's get her to sit on the porch, and then we will each walk up to her and make a grand presentation. I'll be the very last one to go. By that time I guess I'll be able to walk so well that she just won't know what to say, she'll be so surprised."

Polly clapped her hands joyously, as she always did when her delight was too much for words.

"I can hardly wait for the day to come," she cried.

But the day, like all days, came at last, and the weather clerk proved amiable, for it was an ideal one.

Molly, Mabel, and Polly were up betimes, and had their little parcels ready for the grand

presentation which would take place after breakfast. As it happened to be in the middle of the week, Mr. Temple and Uncle Bert were not with them, so they could not witness Mabel's triumphal march; but a magnificent basket of flowers, and another one of fruit, which stood upon the porch table, told that they had not forgotten the day.

At Christmas and birthday times Mrs. Temple very wisely turned exceedingly stupid, and even the most extraordinary happenings excited no comment on her part. So when, at breakfast, Mabel asked her if she would soon be ready to sit out on the porch with her, she replied:

"I shall be ready the very moment I've finished my breakfast. Do you feel like an early morning airing?"

"Yes; it is such a perfect morning that it makes me feel frisky, and I am anxious to get out of doors."

"Very well, dear; I'm at your service, and will read, talk, play games, or sew, as the fancy dictates."

Not one word had been thus far said in reference to her birthday; but when she went out upon the porch there stood the two beautiful baskets, and her delight was boundless.

"How beautiful! how delicious! And from dear papa and Uncle Bert. Ah, Molly Wheeler, you are a smuggler, too, I see, and have helped give me this delightful surprise. I suspect we shall find you a magician next, and must be prepared for anything. Come, children, and share my treasures."

Molly ran back as though to fetch Mabel, but in reality to get her own little offering, since it was agreed she should lead the presentation committee of three. Coming out of the door, she walked down the porch in a very stately manner, and making a grand bow in front of Mrs. Temple, said in a voice in which affection and merriment vied with each other:

"Will your gracious Majesty accept this small offering from one of your most devoted subjects?" And dropping upon one knee, she laid upon Mrs. Temple's lap a flat pasteboard box.

Mrs. Temple's loving glance, as she began to unwrap it, was far more valuable to Molly as a reply than the most gracious speech, and

when the package was opened she found before her a beautiful photograph of Mabel and Polly seated in the phaëton, with Jesse perched behind. No wonder Mrs. Temple cried out in surprise and delight when she saw it:

"Oh, Molly, Molly dear, how charming! How did you manage so cleverly, and how am I to thank you for the pains you have taken?"

"I'm sure I require no heartier thanks than the very apparent pleasure I've been able to give you," answered Molly.

Next, out tripped Polly, so eager that she could not walk, but had to prance down the porch, crying out:

"Oh, open it quick, please do, Mrs. Temple, so Mabel can give you hers, for it's just the splndidest one of all."

Mrs. Temple rapidly untied the little parcel, and Polly had no reason to feel that the little sketch of Bonny had won a less warm greeting than Molly's lovely gift.

"And now it's Mabel's turn," cried Polly, joyously. And she rushed back to the hall.

"What can make the child so excited?" said Mrs. Temple to herself, and the next instant she had her answer; for out of the door walked Mabel, slowly, to be sure, but erect and unaided.

At the sight Mrs. Temple rose from her seat with a half-surprised cry, and stretching out her arms, stood pale and trembling with mingled joy and fear.

"Don't stir, darling; oh, don't stir—please don't," cried Mabel, all in one breath. "I can do it; it is n't the first time, and it's part of my birthday surprise for you!" And in her excitement she almost ran into her mother's arms, where she was clasped in the tenderest embrace she had ever known, while the dear lips murmured a prayer of the most fervent thanksgiving.

Sinking back upon her chair, she drew Mabel on her lap, and for once they seemed to have changed places; for it was the mother who asked dozens of eager questions, scarcely waiting for the replies, and who was cuddled and kissed by the little daughter, who felt that no matter what might come, she could never give her mother a more precious birthday gift than the proof of her own renewed strength.

(To be concluded.)



## ABOUT CLOTHES.

BY GEORGE MACADAM.

LONG, long ago, when mankind was still in its babyhood, some hairy lord of creation happened to glance into a quiet pool, and saw mirrored in the water his own image. Comparing himself with the birds and the beasts, he saw that he was plain and dingy; and he became envious of the brilliant-hued feathers of the birds, and the striped and spotted furs of the beasts. One day he discovered a bed of ocher. Sticking his finger into this bright-colored dirt, he saw that his finger became colored like the dirt. No doubt he stared in wonder for a long while at his strangely colored finger; and then there gradually crept into his simple mind an idea which must have made him laugh for joy.

"Ha, ha!" he cried. "Here is my chance to give myself a new complexion—to make myself as bright and gaudy as Mother Nature has made the birds and the beasts."

So he daubed himself from head to foot with different-colored ochers until he was bright and many-colored. This covering of ocher was the original ancestor of the clothes which you and I are wearing at the present day.

In those early days man progressed very slowly. It was many years, perhaps even centuries, after he began to decorate himself with ocher that he invented weapons with which he could kill the birds and the beasts, and so rob them of their plumage and pelts. The feathers he stuck in his tangled hair, and the pelts he

either threw over his shoulders like a cape, or tied around his waist as a sort of skirt. To this costume he added decorations of dried grasses and strings of shells. Like savages of Central Africa and the South Sea Islands at the present day, these prehistoric men did not aim at utility in their dress; their sole idea was to decorate themselves. So we see that even at this early date Vanity had already been installed as Queen of Fashion.

How long this fantastic dress of pelts and feathers and shells remained "the proper thing" we do not know, for these antediluvians have left us no descriptions of themselves. But sometime in these early ages an unknown mechanical genius invented a loom and manufactured a rude sort of cloth. As this cloth could readily be cut and made into any shape or size, and dyed with ochers to suit any taste, it began to take the place of animal-skins for wearing apparel. Then the art of making and staining glass and working metals was discovered; and beads and metal ornaments began to take the place of shells and dried grasses. With these manufactures to his credit the primitive man was fairly started on the road to civilization.

When the curtain of history first rises, about 2500 B.C., and we get our earliest glimpse of Egypt, we see a country already civilized. We could scarcely recognize the Egyptian gentleman who is being carried in a palanquin



through the streets of Thebes, blandly smelling his favorite lotus-flower and nodding a recognition to his friends in the passing crowd, as a descendant of the half-wild man we left in the last paragraph, dressed in rough-woven, gaudy-colored cloth. His tangled locks have been shaven off, and he wears a wig made up of little curls. His beard has been trimmed short and neat. His dress is a long fluted robe of fine white linen, and he is adorned with necklaces, bracelets, and a multitude of finger-rings. Altogether he is quite a dandy.

This dress, with only a few changes, continued for many centuries to be the dress of Egypt, and also of the other nations that began to flourish in the Orient — of Chaldea, Babylonia, Judea, and Assyria. Like the Chinese who let their finger-nails grow into long slender claws to show they do no manual labor, so these old Babylonians and Assyrians used to show

their rank by the length of their skirts. The rich and leisurely wore skirts that trailed on the ground; the laboring classes, who while at work would be constantly tripping over long skirts, wore a short kilt that reached scarcely to the knee. Of course these short skirts made poor clothing according to our modern ideas;

but in these Eastern countries, with their clear sky and balmy atmosphere, clothing is little needed, and customs are different.

In the reign of the Assyrian king Asshurizirpal (883-858 B.C.) horses were introduced into the army as cavalry. Here, now, was a problem: the cavalryman had to have some sort of a uniform, and it was impossible for him to wear a skirt and ride astride a horse. The tailors to his Majesty's armies wagged their heads a long

time over this problem, and finally decided that the only way out of the difficulty was to cut the cavalryman's skirt from hem to waistband in both front and rear, letting each part fall on its respective side of the horse. As can readily be imagined, this split skirt made an exceedingly poor article of clothing. The law of heredity, however, is full of surprises; this humble apology for a garment was destined to be the father of the original pantaloons.



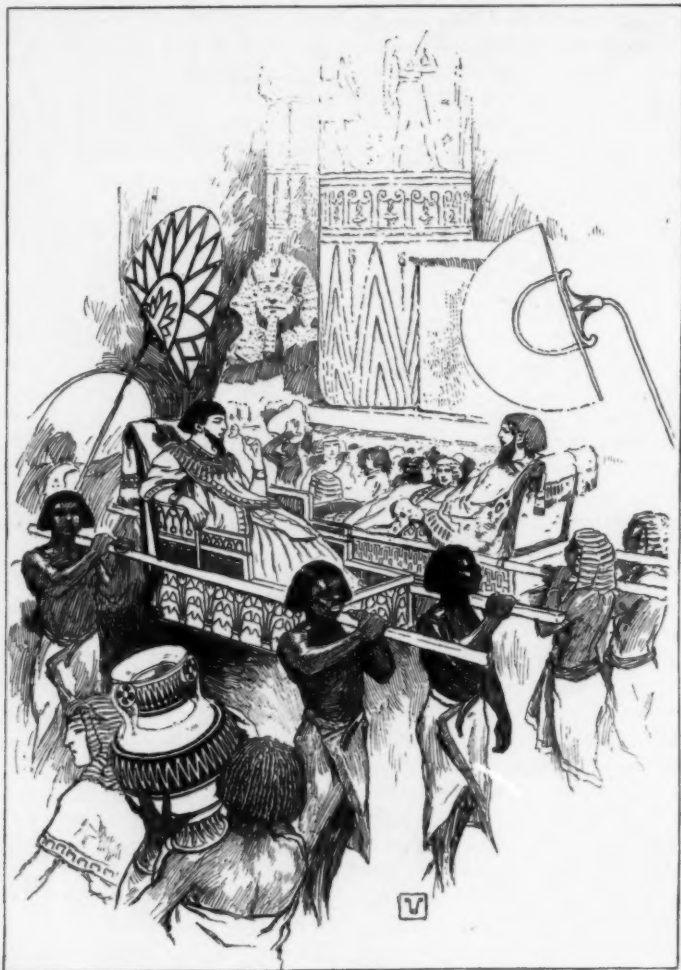
SAVAGES LOOKING INTO A POOL OF WATER—NATURE'S MIRROR.

The mind of the tailor has ever been a small one. It is likely that even then, as now, it took "nine tailors to make a man." At any rate, it took the tailors of Assyria over a century to solve the problem of the horsemen's clothing. "Why not," said one of these workers with the needle and shears, "sew together the

edges of each division of the skirt and thus form a separate skirt for each leg?"—or, in other words, he invented a pair of *pantaloons*.

men continued to wear the skirt in all its varied lengths, and with all its awkwardness.

Toward the beginning of the seventh cen-



"THE EGYPTIAN GENTLEMAN CARRIED IN A PALANQUIN THROUGH THE STREETS OF THEBES."

It would seem that the advantages of this newly invented garment should have been immediately recognized—that the entire male populace of Assyria should have greeted it as a welcome release from the thralldom of skirts. But the first representative of the trousers family received no such welcome. Only the cavalrymen adopted the new dress, and the other

tury B.C., the Assyrians seem to have become wiser. The short knee-skirt of the workman went out of fashion; all those of whom active service was required adopted the easy and serviceable pantaloons; while the rich snob-bishly retained the cumbersome long skirt.

This remained the dress of all the people living in what is now known as the Orient, until

the Persians introduced a new style of trousers, that were loose and baggy and gathered at the ankles. These loose and flowing trousers soon became very popular with the people of this warm climate, on account of their lightness and airiness; and through all the succeeding centuries they have remained the standard dress of this region, and they are worn to-day by the present occupants of the land, be they Turks, Armenians, Persians, Arabians, or what not.

While we have been following the trousers' history in the Orient, new nations have been springing up along the northern shores of the Mediterranean. Greece and Rome meanwhile have both become great, powerful nations. But in Greece trousers never got a foothold. The men and women dressed almost alike. A large, square piece of cloth, known as the "himation," was wrapped around the figure, leaving only the right arm free. If the family treasury had run low, the same outer garment often served for both husband and wife; and it was gossiped about Athens that one of the causes of the matrimonial troubles between Socrates and his wife Xanthippe was that Xanthippe refused to go out in her husband's himation—she believed in woman's rights, and wanted a himation of her own! The Romans copied their dress from the Greeks, so there was little difference, except that when the Roman armies began to push northward, and were exposed to the rigors of a northern climate, the soldiers adopted, in conjunction with their tunics, tight-fitting trousers that reached to the calf of the leg. These were copied from the trousers worn by the sailors of the ships lying in the Tiber, ships that had come from Phenicia, at that time the great merchant nation of the Orient.

In their commercial dealings these Phenician traders were carrying the arts and inventions of the East to other lands than Rome. Besides trading with several rich African nations, they were carrying on a barter with a race of painted wild men who inhabited a remote group of

islands in the Atlantic Ocean—a group of islands that afterward became known as the British Isles. It was for the tin with which this barbarous land seemed to abound that the Phenicians risked the long, dangerous voyage into unknown seas, carrying with them, for exchange with the native Britons, many bright-colored cloths, beads, knives, and other things that delight the savage heart.

These dealings with the traders, together with an invasion of the islands by a Roman army under Cæsar in the year 55 B.C., started the British barbarians on the road that leads to civilization. Among other things, they learned the art of weaving; and then they began to stop painting their bodies, and adopted a dress which was a rough copy of the style worn by the traders—a close, tunic-like coat, and short, loose pantaloons. We now see the family of trou-

ser garments started on its long and tumultuous career in the British Islands,—a family that is long-lived and venerable, and yet is absolutely without stability,—gay and extravagant when the times are gallant, stiff and prim when festivity is frowned upon, and dignified and stately when the times are aristocratic and courtly, like a delicate weather-vane whirling around with every change in the social atmosphere.

About a century after the first invasion, England was again conquered by the Romans. One after another, the various hill tribes were subdued; Britain gradually became Romanized; and the coat and pantaloons of the natives were discarded for the tunic and mantle of Rome. This is perhaps the only instance in the history of the world where a trousered people have become an untrousered people. But it was not for long. The classic dress of Rome soon proved unsuited to the inclement



AN ASSYRIAN WARRIOR.



THE EARLIEST TROUSERS.



TROUSERS AS WORN IN THE EAST.

weather of Britain, and the people began to drift back to the old way of dressing. Within a very few generations, the only trace that was left of the Roman style was a long tunic, reaching below the knee, which the Britons had retained in imitation of the long, flowing toga of Rome.

Meanwhile English industries had been growing. By the beginning of the eighth century London

had become a city of some little commercial importance. Great quantities of wool were sent abroad, and, in exchange, the trading-ships brought back the silks and fine linens of Normandy and Flanders. The nobility, growing rich on the revenues, began to have their clothes made of fine stuffs.

But the British nobles were not allowed to enjoy their riches and their fine clothes for more than a century or two. During the eleventh century a great horde of Normans under William the Conqueror poured into Britain, and in a few years subdued the country from end to end. The new masters of the land were people of luxurious tastes; and as a conquered people had to "pay the piper," the conquerors gave free rein to their extravagant inclinations. Soft and delicate stuffs trimmed with expensive furs were worn, together with many glittering jewels. The cut of the dress, however, remained about the same, except that the Norman noble, wishing to make a marked difference between his own costume and that of the British serf, extended his tunic until it swept the ground, and lengthened his sleeves until they became so long that when walking he had to tie them up in knots to keep them out of his way. This idea, that the best way to assert one's dignity is to wear a long gown, is a notion deeply rooted in the human mind. We have already seen that the old patricians of Assyria and Babylonia wore trailing skirts to show they were no common people. The Roman senators used the long, flowing toga as the insignia of their high office. All through his-

tory kings have played their little parts in royal robes of state. Even in these closing years of the nineteenth century, priests and ministers wear variously designed gowns as symbols of the dignity of their positions; and so also do the judges of some of our higher courts. Even our college boys, in their senior year, assert their superiority over their lower-classmen by donning long black gowns and mortar-boards.

After living on the fat of the land under the iniquitous feudal system for about a century, the Norman line of kings was ousted by Henry II., who invaded England from France. Hardly had Henry got comfortably seated on the throne when those troubles broke out which kept the



ROMAN SOLDIER, WITH SHORT TROUSERS.

British kingdom in a constant turmoil during the reigns of Henry and his seven successors of the Plantagenet line. It was about this time that the common people began to awaken to the fact that they were not born merely to feed a greedy and luxurious nobility; and that long and bitter struggle was begun that finally resulted in the granting of the "Great Charter." The cru-

sades to drive the infidels from the Holy Land, and recover the tomb of the Saviour, were also commenced during this period. Then the members of the royal family were squabbling among themselves; the nobles were at swords' points, not only with one another, but also with the king himself; and to add to the general hurly-burly, France and several other foreign states were on the constant watch to give assistance to every plot or rebellion that was started in the little kingdom across the Channel. During this fighting period every man who was capable of drawing a broadsword, and who was not a yeoman, went about incased from head to foot in stout armor. Some dress had now to be designed that could be worn comfortably under this metal sheathing.

The result was the adoption of a short coat and tight-fitting pantaloons that reached from the waist to the ankles. This looks like a plain and simple dress; but if we could peek into one of the court levees of this period, we would see, when the knight lays aside his hot and heavy armor to join the festivities, that he has gratified his love of finery by having his clothes made of the finest silks and linens, and of the most startling colors. His coat is of one color, his sleeves of another, and his pantaloons of still another. Sometimes he has one leg of his pantaloons green and the other red. And on top of this, he cross-garters himself with ribbons of still other colors. This patchwork suit may seem very foolish to us, but we should not expect much sartorial sense from a people who were accustomed to wear nightcaps but no nightgowns.

Events in history often bring about very strange results. Thus the bloody and disastrous crusades that England waged against the infidels in the Holy Land, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, resulted in the introduction of many gay and giddy styles into British dress. In their long marches across Europe the crusaders had become acquainted with many odd styles of dress, and in the Holy Land they had learned to love the dazzling splendor of the Oriental silks and velvets. The result was that when the knight returned from the wars and put off his armor, he became a

fop. To be gay and striking was the aim of every man of fashion. The dress that by its gaudiness finally gained the popular approval was one composed of an immense series of puffs and slashes. Through these slashes shone brilliant silks of many different colors. This fantastic dress, however, had one merit: it introduced a new style of trousers. The innovation consisted in the trousers ending at the knee, the legs from the knee down being incased in a separate article of clothing that became known as "stockings." When we look at these elaborate costumes made of costly stuffs, we may wonder how the nobles could have afforded them; but, as a wise man has remarked (though I won't say how authentically), "Those were indeed the good old times: whenever a knight saw his creditors approaching he simply pulled up his drawbridge."

While the barons and their military retainers had been exterminating each other on the field of battle, the merchants and craftsmen had been steadily at work piling up the golden ducats, so that by the beginning of the sixteenth century they formed a large and influential part of the country's population. All that they wanted was a period of peace in which they could comfortably spend and enjoy their wealth. Bluff King Hal, who succeeded to the throne about this time, was a jolly monarch with no love for strife, and just the kind of a king the people wanted. The wars were now ended for



IN THE DAYS OF DOUBLET AND HOSE.





THE CAVALIER.

a time, and a merry, busy, bustling time ensued. Good cheer prevailed throughout the kingdom, and beef and strong ale were abundant on every man's table. This conviviality and high living soon made the men as round and fat as the beer-barrels in their cellars. But not content with their own portly magni-

tude, they puffed out their trunk-hose to such an extent that one contemporary wit said of them: "They are almost capable of a bushel of wheat, and if they be of sackcloth they would serve to carry malt to the mill." A half century later these merry times were brought to an untimely end by the accession to the throne of Bloody Mary. The cherished object of this monarch was to make her own religion supreme in England. A terrible persecution ensued. Over two hundred and seventy-five persons suffered death at the stake. In the face of such barbarities, merry-making went out of fashion. The people became grave and apprehensive; and no wonder, for no man knew but what it would be his turn next. The brilliantly colored puffed suits disappeared, and in their place was worn a somber-colored suit consisting of a short tunic and small trunk-hose.

When this misguided monarch fell ill of a lingering fever, it is very doubtful if there was much grieving among her subjects; at any rate, when she at last died, the people joyfully welcomed the accession of the new monarch. When Queen Elizabeth took up the reins of government, happiness and prosperity once more spread throughout the kingdom. It was in these days that England's trade, led by those renowned voyagers, Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake, began to stretch to the remotest corners of the globe. Money flowed into Britain's coffers,

and the Britishers spent it freely. The nobility maintained large retinues of knights, squires, household retainers, and servants, and entertained royally every day. At an entertainment given the queen by the Earl of Leicester, the most astonishing prodigality was displayed. Among other sumptuous details, it was reported that three hundred and sixty-five hogsheads of beer were consumed. The cardinal of the realm had in his household over five hundred persons. Magnificent dress was the natural accompaniment of this style of living. A gentleman's clothes were made of rich satins and velvets of divers hues. His sleeves were puffed out until the shape of his arm was entirely hidden; his doublet was stuffed from the shoulders down to the waist; and his trunk-hose were enormously padded from the thigh to the knee; this whole suit being elaborately slashed so as to show the rich linings beneath. That glory of the Elizabethan days—the starched ruff—gave the finishing touch to a costume that was already so stiff and padded that if a knight were unfortunate enough to drop his hat or his cane, he had to call for a servant to pick it up for him.

These monstrously puffed clothes became even greater in size during the reign of the following monarch, for James I., being a timid king and fearful of assassination, looked with great favor upon these padded clothes as a defense against the dirk or stiletto. To extend these clothes to this preposterous size, rags, wool, hair, and bran were used, until an embarrassing accident befell a certain prominent lord of the realm. Arising from his bench to address a crowded House of



THE ROUNDHEAD.



THE DUTCH COSTUME.

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IN QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN.

speaker instantly lost his lordly bearing, and turning, ran for the door, his shriveled hose flapping about his legs. After this, a wire apparatus like women's skirt-hoops was used to extend the hose.

To such an excess was this full-blown style of clothes carried that all of a sudden it burst. From pads and ruffs and wire frames, fashion suddenly veered around to a simple, easy, and graceful style. It was no longer the ambition of a gentleman to appear as fat and burly as padding and stiffening could make him. It was now his object to be slim, graceful, and elegant. His dress became a close-fitting doublet, petticoat-breeches, boots with wide, flapping tops, and a short cape. This suit was tastefully ornamented with delicate lace and embroidery. Altogether this is considered the best era of dress in England.

But, unfortunately, there soon began to grow throughout the kingdom those troubles which finally ended in the civil war of the Covenanters. England divided itself into two great factions: on the one side were the Cavaliers, who supported King Charles in his effort to run both the state and the church according to his own sweet will; and on the other side were the Roundheads, who were fighting for a free Parliament and the right to worship in their

churches as they saw fit. So fierce and high did party feeling run that no marriages or even commercial dealings of any kind were permitted to take place between the members of the hostile factions. While these Roundheads were men fighting for a good cause, yet they were of a gloomy temperament, with a faith of such rigid severity that it permitted no recreations except such as were to be gotten out of hymn-singing and psalmistry. The Cavaliers were generally men of birth and fortune, and were gay and free in their manner. These tempers were reflected in their clothes. The austere Roundhead, under his stiff, broad-brimmed, steeple-crowned hat, wore his hair closely cropped.

His clothes were made of some somber-colored cloth, and both his doublet and his hose were as plain and simple as his wife or his mother could cut them. There were no laces or jewels or ribbons about him; it is even said that he wore his hat without a hatband. The Cavalier, partly from taste and partly to ridicule the excessively somber dress of the Roundhead, dressed himself in the most elaborate and foppish style. He wore a shirt of the finest linen, trimmed with lace, a soft silk doublet, a broad point-lace collar, short breeches ornamented with fringe and bunches of ribbons of several colors on either side, and boots with broad, flapping tops trimmed with ruffles of lace.



FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY.

This exquisite wore feathers in his hair and patches on his face, and had his hair tied with ribbons into love-locks. Even the lily of the field, in all its proverbial glory, could not equal one of these.

But, like spring lilies before a belated snow-storm, these dandies entirely disappeared during the severe Commonwealth which



UNDER THE GEORGES.

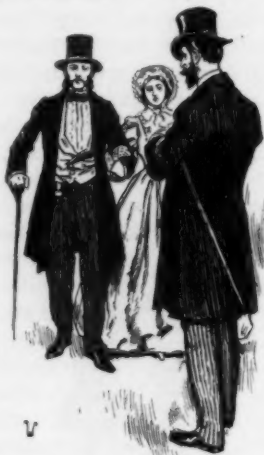
the Roundheads finally succeeded in establishing. When, however, the Commonwealth fell, and Charles II. was restored to his throne, they blossomed forth again in all their first glory.

Toward the close of the seventeenth century, the old line of kings was supplanted by a sovereign whom the English imported from Holland to govern them. King William brought with him from his native land the Dutch fashion of dress — plain, dignified, and picturesque; and as Englishmen just then had something more important than the style of their dress to think about, this simple costume was adopted throughout the land.

The Dutch fashion of dress, however, had not been many years resident in England before the tailors and the hatters and the haberdashers, by putting a touch here and another touch there, gradually made an entirely new fashion of it. The broad-brimmed hat became doubled up into the cocked hat; the long hair was supplanted by the powdered wig; the square-cut coat and waistcoat became finely embroidered; the loose, baggy breeches were narrowed down to close-fitting knee-breeches; and the plain woolen hose were changed for delicately colored silk stockings. It was in this costume that Beau Nash, perhaps better known as the "King of Bath," and his many imitators disported themselves. To any man of fashion dressing was an important matter that received daily at least several hours of serious and undivided attention. The beaux even had a club where they met to compare costumes, and to decide whether a blue or a claret or a brown coat should be the "proper thing" for the coming season.

About the close of the last century, that tremendous social upheaval, the French Revolution, shook Europe from end to end. After patiently bearing for centuries the wicked burden of a corrupt and extravagant upper class and a pompous and idle clergy, the people

seemed suddenly to realize their power. "'How is all this pomp supported?' they asked of each other. 'Out of the sweat of the people!' was wrathfully answered." And then "the five-and-twenty savage millions, amid smoke as of Tophet, confusion as of Babel, noise as of the crack of doom," fell upon every one and everything that represented or stood for the old system of injustice and serfdom. In their relentless fury, nothing was spared; men and women alike were carried by shouting mobs to the guillotine. Even the little dauphin, a lad of eight, was thrust into a foul prison, where "for more than a year he had no change of shirt or stockings," and where he at last died from neglect and suffering. In fear and trembling at the power of the people, the aristocrats threw away their silken knee-breeches and powdered



FORTY YEARS AGO—AND TO-DAY.

wigs, and put on unpretentious clothes. "'Don't kill us,' they cried; 'we are the same as you; do we not dress alike? Are not our clothes as simple as yours?'" Men now wore their own hair, short, plain, and unpowdered. The wide skirts of the coats were cut down to long tails, and the knee-breeches were lengthened to the ankle and became pantaloons.

It was a noisy farewell that the world gave to the frippery of the last century; and after that wild burst of savage spirits, it settled down in a fairly quiet way to do the work of this busy nineteenth century. As time has passed, clothes — at least, men's clothes — have become more and more somber in both cut and color.

At the present day their costume has been reduced to something like a uniform. To business a man wears a cutaway or sack-suit, and in the evening a black long-tailed coat with a low-cut waistcoat. The length of his coat-tails and the cut of his waistcoat are both dictated by fashion, and every man's clothes are like his neighbors'.

Of course, we have become used to our clothes

and our vanity makes us think that they are the most artistic and sensible that the world has yet seen. But every age has thought the same thing. While we may laugh at the men of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in their wonderfully puffed clothes, it is very likely that if they could rise up out of their graves they would have an equally good laugh at us. "What is the matter?" they would ask. "Have you had some great national calamity, that all your men should be dressed in dismal black, like a lot of mourners? And that box that you wear on your heads and call a high hat—

surely that must be very hot and uncomfortable? But your trousers," and here these old-timers would burst into a merry ha-ha, "Why, they are the worst of all; they make your legs look like sawed-off posts!"

Some one has said that when the archaeologists of the future dig up one of our bronze statues in trousers, they will have no need to go further to find what a rusty age this has been. But what style of trousers will these future archaeologists be wearing? That, alas! is asking a question that Father Time, in his mysterious flight, alone can answer.



## A BOAST FULFILLED.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

"Just watch me," said the grasshopper,  
Preparing for a flight;  
"I feel so vigorous to-day,  
I 'll jump clear out of sight!"

I watched him as he rose in air.  
He kept his word, no doubt,  
For down he came into a stream  
Where lived a hungry trout.

## THE MIDNIGHT FLYER AND THE PRESIDENT'S SPECIAL.

*(A railroad story, written and illustrated by a boy thirteen years old.)*

BY ARMOUR P. PAYSON.

THE wind was blowing great guns, and it was more like a cloud-burst that kept it company than anything else, when the Midnight Flyer, a solid vestibuled train of eight cars, pulled out of the terminal depot for the run west at 12:05 A.M., Mountain Time, with Bill Stanley at the throttle, John Marron at the "scoop," and Joe, Stanley's son of fifteen, on the left side of the cab.

The boy was wild about locomotives, and had, after much trouble, persuaded his father to let him ride in the cab from the end of the division to the first stop, one hundred miles west, where they lived.

Fortunately, the wind was with them, and they were able to keep to the schedule. The train was composed of a baggage-car, two mail cars, a compartment car, and four "sleepers," all of which were full. The locomotive was of the larger eight-wheeled "American" type, and had no trouble with her heavy load, as she had just come from the repair-shop.

Stanley, Marron, the conductor, and all the train-hands were cautioned, before leaving, about a Special which was to start fifteen minutes after them. "All the officials of this division and the president of the road are on board, so look out that she is not forgotten if you have to stop for anything," said the despatcher; and Billy, in answer to the conductor's signal, opened the throttle, and they moved slowly out into the wind and downpour.

The cab was nearly all closed in, but Marron had to leave the canvas half-way up, so as to be able to shovel in the coal, and as the wind was with them, it blew in under the curtain, and put out the gage-lamp on top of the boiler, leaving the cab in total darkness. After John had, with much difficulty, lighted it twice, Bill suggested that, if the steam seemed low, he

could pull the curtain all the way down and strike a match to look at the pointer; so the lamp, left to itself, promptly went out again, and, save for the dazzling glare when the door was opened and a scoopful of coal thrown into the flames, there was no light in the cab.

"I wonder how fast we 're goin' now, an' if the Special 's comin' much quicker than we 're running," said Joe, after the city had been left behind twenty miles.

"We 're going at about forty-five miles an hour now, I guess," replied Stanley, shouting to be heard above the roar of the locomotive and the storm outside; "an' as fer the Special, her speed 'll depend on the engine, an' the runner, an' the importance o' th' president's business, as well as on *us*." He reached for the cord and blew a long blast on the whistle, at the same time shutting the throttle, and applying the air-brakes lightly, for they were approaching a way-station, and the train was required to be under full control. Joe rang the bell until they had gone by the little station, and a short, loud rumble showed that the crossing had been passed, when his father pulled out the throttle again, and resumed his interrupted talk:

"Yes, I guess we 're makin' about forty-five or fifty miles now, an' I don't believe the Special 'll run much higher 'n that. If they intended her to run faster 'n our train, they 'd hev sent her out ahead."

They were whirling rapidly down a short but steep grade, and John was seated on the box, while the boy was farther front, on the movable seat between the boiler and window. The rain had somewhat abated, but the wind had increased in violence.

As they took a short curve Marron yelled out: "Whoa, Billy!" and the engineer grasped



the rope again, and sent two wild blasts out into the night as the recognition of a signal, while he put the brakes on hard and sanded the rails. Five hundred feet ahead was a red light swung horizontally over the tracks by a man who was directly in the path of the Flyer. As the train drew nearer, the three in the cab discerned a group of men standing at one side, and the next moment the powerful headlight,

stepped nearer and held the muzzle of a cocked revolver to Stanley's left temple. Then, before the engineer had time to do anything, the outlaw reached past him, and closed the throttle. The other, knowing only that the little brass lever at his hand controlled the brakes, pushed it into the "emergency-stop" position, and in five seconds they had come to a standstill. The big fellow, seizing a monkey-wrench that



THE MIDNIGHT FLYER IN THE STORM.

with the aid of the signal, showed all of the group to be masked and armed! "Robbers!" exclaimed the fireman. "Pull out! Pull out, Billy, for your life!" And almost before the words were uttered Billy released the brakes and "yanked" viciously on the throttle. But it was too late. Two of the men sprang into the cab, and, covering Bill with their weapons, yelled to him to stop. The engineer was undecided. One of the men, the larger of them,

was lying near at hand, shouted: "Why did n't you do what I told you?" at the same time bringing the wrench down on poor Stanley's head.

He uttered a cry, and then fell over against the boiler, unconscious. The robber dropped the tool, and, pulling the engineer down to the gangway, bound and gagged him. Then the outlaw climbed off the engine, bidding his companion tie the fireman securely, and gag him.

Joe, who in the confusion had not been seen in his secluded place, slipped off his seat and crouched down on the floor between the boiler and the side of the cab, completely

jumped to his feet, stepped back, and leaped across the cab, landing on the box on the right side. Leaning far forward, he found the throttle in the dark, and opened it carefully. He



CROSSING THE HIGH TREESTLE AT FULL SPEED.

hidden by the darkness. One of the men still remained on the engine.

Suddenly the thought of the Special flashed through the boy's mind! He realized that she would be due in five or ten minutes if the Flyer's speed had been maintained by her. As she was an "extra" she was not down on the time-card, and the robbers did not know of her approach. "Look out that she is not forgotten if you have to stop for anything." The despatcher's words flew through his mind, and he remembered why she was not to be forgotten. The two train-loads were to be saved, and the saving of them rested now on Joe's shoulders. Although, in his crouched position, he was within almost an inch of the hot boiler, yet he was shivering—not, however, with cold, but with excitement.

Just then a shot, shouts, and sounds of a stiff struggle were borne to him on the wind. He heard the man who had stayed in the cab climb clumsily down and run back to his companions to help in overpowering the train-hands. They were making resistance.

Remembering the Special again, the boy

glanced at the ground. They were moving slowly! A proud joy surged over the lad, for it was his own hand that was making those eight cars and the huge locomotive move! He gave her some more steam; she started off in dead earnest, and the next moment they were out of danger!

The trainmen, on purpose, had gradually led the robbers away from the engine as they fought; but the criminals did not notice this, nor Joe's actions, for all their thoughts and energies were concentrated on the one object of overpowering their enemies. As they were to windward of the train, the sound of the exhaust was carried away from them, and the cars had moved some distance before the alarm was given. They immediately started off in pursuit of the escaping booty, leaving the train-hands. But they soon saw that it was of no use to follow the train any longer, and then it was that they realized how foolish they had been. Older rascals would probably have kept cooler, and guarded those who might escape and give an alarm; but these were new at the business, and this was their first big

attempt. Needless to say, when they returned for the employees of the railroad, none were to be found, and as it would be folly to hunt for them in the storm, the robbers mounted their horses, which had been left picketed near the scene of the hold-up, and escaped, for they knew the alarm would soon be given.

The reader may think it improbable that a boy like Joe could manage a train like the Flyer. But, as I said at first, he was very much interested in locomotives, and, as his father was an engine-driver, he had ample opportunity to study the working of the wonderful machine. Long before Stanley held the position of engineer of the Midnight Flyer, he had allowed the lad occasionally to run the local passenger-train which he had charge of, but, of course, under his supervision. The old saying, "Practice makes perfect," was illustrated in the case of Joe. A locomotive engineer recently said to me, "A boy could read about engines all his life, but unless he saw them actually worked, he 'd never be worth anything on them." So Billy's son, from a little experience, almost naturally tested the water and kept an eye on the steam-gage. After running some minutes, he found the water was below the second of the three gage-cocks which on every locomotive show the height of the water in the boiler. By opening the lowest he ascertained whether the water had fallen below that point, for if it had, the steam, which always covers the surface of the water, would escape. There would then be danger of "burning" those parts of the engine exposed to the fire, because there would not be water enough left to cover them. He was glad to find the lowest covered; but as the second was not he turned on the injector, thus forcing a supply from the tank in the tender into the boiler. Soon the middle gage-cock was covered, and then he shut off the flow of water, for he knew that he had enough to last, with the heavy train, for about eight miles.

They were approaching a trestle over which all trains were required to be run at ten miles an hour. As they neared this, Joe shut off steam; but although he knew that the slide-valve, controlling the admission of steam into the cylinder, was likely to suffer if the stroke was cut so

short with the engine running without steam, he dared not unhook the reverse-lever for fear that he could never get it back again where it was; for this lever, being attached to the eccentric-rods and heavy links, is very hard to move, especially when the engine is in motion. He applied the brakes lightly, but the train seemed to fly even faster than before! Then they struck the trestle, and the boy felt the light structure swing under him as they thundered across. Every second he feared they were gone, but it was all over in no time, and he found everything running all right. Releasing the brakes, he pulled out the throttle until it was wide open once more.

Then his thoughts turned suddenly on his father and Marron. Stepping to the deck, he hastily untied the fireman, who was just regaining consciousness. Together they freed Stanley, but the engineer was still senseless. They lifted him to the box on the left side and carefully tied him, so that he would not fall over if the engine rocked or tipped on curves. Then Joe bound his handkerchief around Stanley's head to prevent loss of blood from the wound inflicted by the wrench. "You get over there," said John, pointing to the right, after this had been done; "you get over there, and keep a lookout ahead, Joe." "She needs some coal," was the reply, as the boy obeyed. "I know it; I 'm goin' to try to give her some if I can, but I 'm terribly lame." He swung open the furnace door and peered in. The fire was burning low, and the pointer in the steam-gage stood at one hundred and ten — she carried one hundred and eighty pounds to the square inch before blowing off at the safety-valve. Steadying himself, the fireman grasped the shovel, and, with great difficulty, managed to throw in a number of scoopfuls of fuel. The gage responded at once, for she was a first-class "steamer," and in a short while she was up to one hundred and sixty. Bidding Joe be seated on the box across from his father, Marron stepped up to the throttle and took a look ahead. Then, testing the water, he found that she had two gages. The air-gage showed the proper pressure for applying the brakes. The steam-heater for the cars had only forty pounds; he put on a little more, for the cars had to be kept warm. Then,

turning round, he held out his hand to the boy who was seated just behind him."

"Joe," he said, "I never can thank you enough for what you have done for me to-night." They gripped hands heartily and John, turning again to the rails, settled down.

Suddenly Bill seemed to revive. He looked about in a dazed fashion, and struggled vainly to free himself. "The Special! The Special!" he cried: "Marron! She 'll hit us sure! Who tied me down this way?" Joe with two bounds was beside his father. "Daddy! daddy!" he shouted; "we 're all safe, and the Special 'll never catch us, for John's runnin' us!" "Why, Joe!" said the engineer, quieting down for a moment, "was it you who saved us?" Then the wild, delirious tone was resumed: "But untie these ropes, and let me over there where Marron is. Hurry up!" "Shall I loose him, John?" shouted the boy. For answer the fireman stepped back from beside the boiler and jumped to the side. The next moment Stanley was freed, and, once more in his right mind, he climbed eagerly over to the right side, and catching the throttle, he leaned far out of the window to get the refreshing breeze, for the storm had passed and the air was clearing.

As they approached the end of Billy's run, he looked over the big shiny boiler at the two silent figures dimly outlined in the darkness. "Well, John," he said, "if it had n't 'a' been fer Joe, we would n't be here now. If the Special had ever struck us there on Jackson's grade, we 'd 'a' gone like a bundle o' matches, an' nothin' on this earth could 'a' stopped us." He pushed the throttle slowly shut, and tried again and again to lift the latch of the reverse-lever from the notch in which it stood. Finally it snapped up, and the lever flung itself forward. With a great effort, he turned half round in his seat, and put a trembling left hand on the engineer's valve, which controls the air-brakes, and, weak as he was, the one hundred and eight brake-shoes obeyed his touch, and crept, gently at first, but with an ever-increasing pressure, on one hundred and eight wheel-treads, till at last the train drew up under the great

roof of the outer station, and a whistle of escaping air, running down the scale with an ear-piercing sharpness, showed the brakes released.

It was as Marron had expected: When Bill had finished his duty he collapsed again; but John was ready for him, and the engineer fell into his fireman's arms. They carried him into the depot amid a silent crowd of railroad men, and Joe briefly told the story. A relief train was made ready in ten minutes to return to see what had become of the Flyer's trainmen who had been left behind, and to find out if the Special was all right. The engineer had just received the signal to start, when there, coming down the line with a reverberating thunder, was the Special, her headlight illuminating her path, and her brakes screeching.

When she had arrived, and after Joe's story had been told to the president, he said: "We picked the brakemen up on Jackson's grade. They put three torpedoes on the track, and got aboard when we had stopped. Two were wounded, having been shot by the villains. Fortunately, they will recover. The rest are suffering under a severe strain, but will pull through all right. I assure you that all those who deserve credit and reward will receive them."

It was some time before Will Stanley was again out of the house; but the day he reported for work, he received an order bidding him and his boy to come to the general superintendent's office. On arriving there, he and Joe found assembled those officials who had ridden that wild night of the "hold-up" behind the Midnight Flyer. A little speech was made by the president, Stanley was put on as engineer of the Day Flyer, and to Joe was presented a fat purse, and a beautiful gold watch on which was engraved:

Presented by President Clarke and officials of the W. S. & K. R. R. to Joseph Stanley, in grateful remembrance of his heroic actions on the night of April 3, 1895.

And as Joe returned home with his father, he smiled and said: "Daddy, we got rewarded well, but I would n't go through that experience again for a good deal, would you?"

And Billy agreed with him.

## JYMN, TYMN, SYMN, AND MYMN.

BY GRACE FRASER.

JYMN Pymn, Jymn Pymn,  
Had no learning and could n't spell "hymn";  
But he had a hat with a wide, wide brymn,  
Had a pair of glasses, for his eyes were dymn,  
Had an awful accident and broke a lymn;  
Had a very thin son—called him Tymn,  
Had a very thick son—called him Symn,  
Had a daughter Miriam, and called her Mymn;

Had a little dairy where the milk she 'd  
skymn,  
Filling up the pans to the rymn, rymn, rymn;  
When she 'd done her dairying her dress she 'd  
trymn,  
The better to bedeck her form so slymn.  
What a happy family, full of vymn,  
Jymn, Tymn, Symn, and slymn Mymn Pymn!

## THE JUNIOR CUP.

BY ALLEN FRENCH.

*[This story was begun in the June number.]*

### CHAPTER V.

THE boys all started to their feet at the cry, and, motionless, strained their eyes across the moonlit valley. The shelter moving? It seemed secure as the mountain whereon it rested. Some of the boys looked to Mr. Holmes for an explanation of his assertion. But still he gazed, pointing, and as they turned to look again, a sound like the first faint breath of a storm was wafted to them across the ravine. Still there the little house remained, visible clearly on the distant ridge; yet—was it indeed so? The bare summit still gleamed in the moonlight, secure in its altitude as the bottom of the sea, but the mountain-side that seemed so firm, the shelter, the scrub about it, the taller trees, thousands of them—were they not moving?

It was a landslide. Slowly it began, but quickly it ended. With the rush and the roar of a thousand cataracts, it swept down into the valley. Hundreds of acres, loosed from their foundations, trees, dirt, and stones in fearful

career, plowed their way through the opposing forest. Nothing could withstand the impetus. The trees were planed like splinters from a board, while, crashing, the mass passed over the spot where they had stood. Trees were hurled like sticks, boulders smote upon each other and broke, and giant pines and spruces, caught in the mill of stones, were crushed to pulp and ground into the dirt. A din arose in the ravine commensurate with the destruction, and the roar of the landslide, rising from the narrow place, told to the other mountains, miles away, the loss and the trouble of one. Quickly it was over. While the boys stood rooted, half stunned by the dreadful sight and the fearful noise, the whole vast mass of destruction lodged in the bottom of the valley. Boulders and heavy trees for a minute more came crashing down the slide; the sound for a minute still roared in the narrow place, as if from its heart the mountain was crying for its hurt. But then the uproar ceased.

Of those that stood and looked, Mr. Holmes was the first to move. He turned and sought Chester, and drew him to his side. "My dear



boy," he said, and all heard him, "who was I to reproach you, when the hand of Providence was in your action? But for you we should all lie there below, under a thousand tons of rock!"

The boys shook themselves free from the spell of the dreadful sight. "It is true," they cried, crowding around. "But for Chester we should have been in the shelter, and should have been killed!"

Some came to Chester, and, laughing nervously, insisted on shaking his hand and thanking him for saving their lives. Others looked down again at the bottom of the ravine, where the moon, as it rose higher, showed the great heap of ruin. Mr. Holmes called them all to him at last. "It is late," he said, "and we must start with the earliest light. They have been watching from the camp for the light of our fire, and perhaps they have seen and heard the landslide. In the morning Mr. Dean, with his spy-glass, will be able to see even that the shelter has been destroyed. We must hurry back to let him know that we are safe. So to bed now, boys, and rest for to-morrow's walk!"

Chester's sleep was broken; he dreamed of bears and landslides, and fancied himself walking for hours alone along a mountain-side. He waked in the morning at the first light. Voices were whispering near him, and rising on his elbow, he saw George Tenney and Jim Pierce just taking leave of Mr. Holmes. "They are going," he said to himself, "to take to the camp the news that we are safe." Sleep was over for him, and rising, he helped Mr. Holmes to light the fire. Familiar with the mountain, Mr. Holmes led the way to a spring, and in the pail which they had brought with them they made coffee for the rest of the boys, who, waking one by one, rose with yawns, and stood about, sleepily watching, or looked at the landslide and wondered at it. All ate breakfast standing.

In the morning light the destruction of the evening before was painfully visible. The terrible space above, bare to the living rock; the clean-swept path next beneath, where the mass had passed; the piled wreckage in the valley below, where roots and trees and dirt and giant boulders lay mixed with one another—all these

were clear to the eye of day with shuddering certainty. The boys looked with wonder—no, more, with awe and gratitude—down upon that ruin, and thought how easily it might have happened to them to lie buried in that enormous sepulcher. They were kind, therefore, to Chester—gave him the best of the breakfast, spoke to him of the bear, and told, so that he should hear, how glad they were that he had missed the path.

A few hours of walking put the boys again in camp, welcomed and wondered at by their relieved companions. For as they sat at the edge of the hill that overlooked the lake, and watched for the red light that was to be the signal, the boys in camp had seen, on the moonlit mountain, the dark forest swept away to show the bright gravel and the glistening rocks, and had heard the mighty noise of the slide. Comforting themselves as best they could with the idea that since the others had not signaled perhaps they were not on that part of the mountain at all, they had waited till the morning, when the advent of the two big boys removed all doubt from their minds. The boys were received with acclamation, none more than Chester, whose adventure with the bear, and whose providential mistake that rescued the whole party, called upon him special honor.

But a new spirit had come over the boy, infused into him in some way by these last experiences. He put aside, as well as he could, any credit for either rescue or bear. For his mind was set, now, by the events of the summer. His first rebellion, when they wished to duck him; his great mistake in choosing Marshall for a companion; the suspicion that had been cast upon him, and that seemed not yet to be removed; and finally, the kind yet resolute words of Mr. Holmes blaming him for his actions—these thoughts neither the applause of the boys nor his own weaker nature could thrust out of his mind. His better part seized and held to them, like bitter medicine that yet might do him good. He was resolved not to comfort himself with any undeserved credit, and he determined never again to make the mistakes that would cut him off from his hope of an honorable position in the camp. And so his think-

ing mind, which Mr. Holmes had the wisdom to trust, was working its way from darkness to light.

The words of Mr. Holmes, the next morning, showed Chester how he could redeem himself in his own eyes, and turned what had been only a vague desire into a real and vigorous purpose.

"I wish to remind the boys," said Mr. Holmes, as he rose in his seat at the breakfast-table, "that it is time to commence training for the prize cups. As most of you know, there is one water-event for the Cup, the mile swim, which may be accomplished at any time before the day of the sports, provided that a proper timer goes in the boat. I am pleased to announce," he observed parenthetically, "that Marshall Moore made the mile swim yesterday, with Mr. Dean as timekeeper, in forty-five minutes and twenty seconds, which is one of the best records ever made by one of the Junior Class. And there are six land-events," Mr. Holmes resumed,— "the two dashes, the two jumps, the hurdle race, and putting the shot. We shall begin to-day to put the track in order, and I advise you all to begin training to-morrow."

Chester heard without dismay the news of the performance of his rival; but he heard with disappointment the announcement that, on account of many things which would keep him busy, Mr. Holmes would not be able to train the boys himself. George Tenney and Jim Pierce, Mr. Holmes said, would be glad to assist any boy that came to them for help; but Chester could not think of asking them to help him. It seemed to him, therefore, at that very moment that the Cup was lost to him; but with the tenacity of purpose which he inherited from his father, he said to himself: "I will try, anyway!" And, to begin with, he resolved to help at the work of putting the track in order.

Much comfort did he take, that morning, in the society of the Rat, who joined him in the work, and for two hours helped him push the roller around and around the oval track. Then George and Jim, who had been marking and measuring, supervising and directing, ordered the two boys to the lake for their swim, and gave the roller into the hands of two others.

Chester was pleased at even so much notice from the big boys, and Rawson was proud. "Did you see," he asked, "that they saw we were doing good work? They are not so much down on you as you imagine. They'll tell you how to train, if only you ask them."

"Not yet, at least," answered Chester.

"Oh, Chester, you must beat Marshall!" said the little fellow, eagerly.

"I'll try," said Chester.

He worked steadily at his swimming, his running, and his jumping, for a week. At the end of that time he accomplished the Island swim, with Mr. Holmes, who came to the lake whenever he could, in the boat that accompanied him. As he gained staying-power in the water, so also he gained it on the land, and found that each day he could run a farther distance on the track, or a shorter distance at greater speed than before. In the impromptu contests that were arranged day after day, he measured himself with one after another of the Juniors, and found that his perseverance was winning, and that he was sure in the end of beating them all — all except Marshall, whose splendid build and excellent development, and whose advantage in age, seemed to put him almost beyond competition. Though he and Chester never ran together, but always avoided each other, he beat with seeming ease the boys that Chester could beat with difficulty. Especially in those events where skill counted more than strength — in the hurdles and in the jumps — he seemed unapproachable. As day followed day, and Chester watched the boy whom he felt to be his only rival, he repeated to himself more and more often that Marshall would win the Cup.

Not Chester alone, but another boy also, was troubled by the same thought. The little Rat, whose sturdy frame fitted him for all feats of endurance, yet not for agility or speed, watched with a critical eye Chester's efforts at self-instruction. "He does n't do it right," he muttered to himself, as he watched his friend, with lumbering gait, leaping the hurdles. And again, "He does n't do it right," he would say to himself, as he watched Chester trying to hurl himself over the bar. His own acquaintance with athletics, on account of his school

life, was intimate, and he distinguished at a glance Chester's clumsy efforts from the easy performance of Marshall. Cool-headed and shrewd, he comforted himself with no vain hopes, but said to himself with increasing assurance, "Marshall will win the Cup."

Yet there was no question that Chester would be second in the struggle, and perhaps would make a close second, after all, if he could only be taught. Rawson himself could not instruct in what he could not do; he had not yet trained his eye to distinguish minor faults, for he was only a little boy, and could not say to Chester, "In this you are wrong; do it this other way." Instead, he realized with disquiet that his friend, for all his endeavors, was only confirming himself in certain faults that would insure his defeat.

Only one thing could save him, and Rawson decided to make an effort for it. "See here, Chester," he said one day, "come out rowing with me."

Chester looked affectionately at his little friend. "But this is no day for a row," he objected; "it is too windy."

"Oh, yes! it's good enough," said Rawson; "it's only flawy. There are no high waves."

So, since they had both swum to the island and could use a boat without asking permission, they took one at the boat-house, and rowed out into the middle of the lake. There Rawson rested on his oars, and looked at Chester.

"I want to talk to you," he said.

"I know you do," said Chester. "That's what you brought me out here for. So go ahead."

"Well," said the Rat, and then he paused for words. At last he blurted out: "Chester, how are you going to win the Junior Cup?"

"I don't know," said Chester, and immediately became gloomy. He sat for some time without saying anything, but then at last he said: "I know very well that my chance is mighty small, when I look at Marshall going over the hurdles or clearing the bar, and then compare myself with him. I think I could push him hard in the hundred yards or the quarter-mile, but in those other things—in the hurdles and the jumps—I am absolutely useless, and I have no chance. It's awfully good of you,

Rawson," and he reached out and touched the other's knee, "to bother about me. But it's no use, and though I'm not going to give up trying, I know it's no use. I'll just get beaten, and laughed at, and I suppose it'll do me good."

"No one is going to laugh at you," said Rawson. "But, Chester," he added with hesitation, "there is one way that perhaps will help."

"What is that?"

"You can ask the big boys to train you."

There was silence in the boat, while Rawson, as the wind drifted them nearer the shore, took the oars again and pulled for a while. Then he added, "There they are now, over there."

Chester looked and saw the one sailboat of the camp, a large yacht-tender in which a mast could be stepped, sailing by the distant shore.

"Well," he said, after a while, "I know that way. But I have given those fellows enough trouble this summer; and they have never really forgiven me because I went with Marshall, even though I do not go with him any more."

"I know," said Rawson, who yet did not know of the suspicion that still rested upon Chester; "and that's funny to me, for it is not like them. They are nicer fellows than you think, Chester."

"I know they're nice," said Chester; "and I know that I was very foolish when I first came to camp. I know lots of things now that I did n't a month ago—and I know this," he added gloomily: "that when once you've made mistakes, it takes a mighty long time to make up for them, so that you often get tired trying."

"Don't get tired of it, Chester," said Rawson, earnestly.

"Well, I'm not, yet," said Chester. And again there was silence in the boat, except for the slapping of the waves, as each boy sat busy with his own thoughts. At last Rawson spoke again.

"Now, Chester," he asked, "won't you really ask the big boys to help you? I wish you would."

Chester did not answer at once, but sat studying the boards in the bottom of the rowboat.

"See!" said Rawson, suddenly; "here they are."

Chester looked up, as the larger boat with its big white sail came cutting the water near them. Jim and George sat in her, well to windward, hatless, flushed, and happy. "Hullo, Rawson! Hullo, Chester!" they hailed. "Hullo!" "Hullo!" answered the two boys. They passed within forty feet and rushed by.

"See," said Rawson, his eyes still following the boat, "how friendly they are. Won't you ask them, Chester?"

But while Chester still hesitated, the voice of the other changed to a cry of horror. "Oh!" he cried, "the mast!"

And as Chester tried to turn in his seat, he heard, borne freshly on the wind, the sound of rending wood.

#### CHAPTER VI.

TURNING quickly, Chester saw that at a little distance, fortunately still very close, the mast and sail were collapsing upon the two boys in the other boat. The mast fell with force, but the sail, inflated with air, fell more slowly. The boat was on the point of capsizing. It was enough to see; he turned to Rawson and cried: "Row!"

But the Rat was already hard at work trying to turn the boat around. Chester helped him, pushing as the other pulled, and the boat immediately gathered headway, and, being light, fairly flew. The thought came to Chester that both George and Jim were good swimmers, but then he cried to himself: "If either has been struck by the mast or caught in the ropes!" And that was exactly what had happened.

For when they were at the side of the upturned boat, only Jim Pierce was in sight, and he, with blood flowing down his forehead, half stunned, was feebly holding on to the boat. The boat itself was upside down, the sail floated wide, and there was no sign of George.

"He is underneath the boat!" cried Rawson, in terror.

"I will go after him," cried Chester; "you attend to Jim." And he prepared to dive. Yet one thought came to him before he went over the side — that perhaps only by cutting could he

set George free, for that he was entangled Chester saw was very likely. So with haste he snatched his jack-knife from his pocket and opened it, and with it in his hand leaped from the boat, his heels high behind him.

It was a clumsy dive in his haste; he felt the water force his arms aside and strike his face so that it smarted. But it was good enough; immediately he was under the boat, and his hands, as he groped about, touched the foot of George. At once he began to feel upward along the legs and body for the ropes entangling him. He found a perfect net of lines across the big boy's body. In the dull light he could see little, for the dome of the boat cut off all direct light, and the other boat and the extended sail combined to shut off reflection. So he worked in the dark, and hacked desperately at the ropes, with knife that was all too dull. But one gave way, and then another, and then a third, and as his head and lungs began to feel like bursting, he felt that George had moved his arm as if it were at last freed. But yet George did not move from his position among the thwarts. It was evident that he was still caught.

With despairing strength Chester reached upward, found one more rope, and cut it through. As it parted he felt with joy that the big boy was beginning to struggle. As he himself pushed downward to clear the gunwale, he saw the outline of George's whole body against the green water. In another moment both were at the surface, gasping in the fresh air, and above them was the other boat, with Rawson in it, reaching over to catch Chester by the collar.

"Oh, I'm all right," gurgled Chester, avoiding Rawson's hand. "Help George!"

"I'm all right," answered George, as he breathed deeply. "Where's Jim?"

"Here in the bottom of my boat," said Rawson.

"I'll get in over the bow," said George, as he seized the boat. "You take the stern, Chester."

Together they clambered into the boat. There lay Jim, his head upon one of the seats, bloody, and dripping, and exhausted, but conscious. He looked at the two as they climbed in, turning his eyes from one to the other.

"I'm all right," he said, "and you're not drowned?"

Then Chester, still breathing violently, saw that George was scarcely more out of breath than himself.

"Why, George," he said, "how could you last so well?"

"There was air under the boat," said George, after a pause, "about two pailfuls, I guess, that got caught under there when we tipped over. When I found I was caught, there I had to stay, crowding my nose up against the bottom. And you did n't come too soon, Chester," he added soberly. "I should have suffocated in another minute. And at the same time, Rawson, it seems, was helping Jim into the boat."

"Yes," said Jim, sitting up at last; "and I was n't very well able to help myself, either."

They sat for a few moments in silence.

"Well," said George, finally, "we'll thank you fellows in due time, but now let's get ashore."

So, picking up all scattered things, and towing sail and mast and capsized boat, they rowed to shore, and at the boat-house emptied out the boat, and put everything in place. It was nearly dinner-time when they were finished, and so Chester said, and started to lead the way up to the camp.

"But wait," said George, detaining him. "Don't you think I have something to say to you after all this?"

"It was nothing," said Chester, flushing.

"Nothing?" said George, while the other two looked on. "Well, perhaps not. But, Chester, I want to clear up everything that has been between us and you, so that we may start fresh. Now let me ask you a question."

"Well," said Chester, with a sense of disquiet, "ask."

George went straight at his point:

"That time when Jim found Marshall eating Archie's candies, and you did not know that he stole them,—do you remember?—it was not the only time that Marshall had taken candy from the little boys. Now, I know that you ate some of the other candy he took. Did you know he stole it?"

"No!" cried Rawson, starting forward. But Jim held him, saying: "Let Chester an-

swer." And so all three stood with their eyes on Chester's face.

The color rose slowly in his cheeks. "If I had supposed you fellows could have thought that of me—" he said, and paused. He spoke with much difficulty.

George took his hand. "That's enough, Chester. I am sorry that I thought it of you," he said. "Excuse me, and let's be friends."

"I will," said Chester, and he squeezed the big boy's hand. And Jim came forward to lay his hand on Chester's shoulder. "I am sorry, too," he said, and added in a moment, looking first at George; "but now that it is all right, perhaps we can show Marshall, before the end of the summer, a thing or two—that he will not like."

Chester smiled faintly as he thought of the Junior Cup, but he looked with frankness on his two new friends. "I am not troubled about Marshall any more," he said, "and he can do all he wishes, for all I care. I was n't nice at first, this summer," he added with difficulty, "but ever since then I've wanted more to please you than to do anything else, and if I've done it I'm satisfied!"

And more rose to his lips from his deeply moved heart, but he repressed the words, for a boy, like a man, fears to say all he feels. And boys, like men, are often ashamed to hear open praise, so, though Jim smiled, George turned to Rawson and pulled him forward.

"Come here, little Rat," he said gaily, to hide his embarrassment. "You are a good little Rat—do you know it?—for standing by Chester through thick and thin? There are four of us now. Do you hear, Rat?"

"I hear," said the Rat, laughing, "and I'm glad. And I feel something by which I know it's dinner-time." So they went; but as the big boys took the lead up the path, both wet, and as Chester followed, wet also, Rawson, the only dry one in the party, caught him by the hand and whispered: "It's all right now, Chester, is n't it?" And Chester nodded at him.

Now, for a second time, Chester found himself something of a hero in camp, and this time with no doubtful cause for credit. But he had little time in which to think of it, for George



and Jim took him in hand with an energy and vigor that astonished him — and with a strictness, too, for they claimed absolute control over all his movements: prescribed in the morning the length of his swim, superintended his

some of the old spirit, hot and quick, of which he could not get rid, and of which perhaps it was not best to be rid entirely, for the steel of the best temper takes the best edge. The words, "Not this way; do it so," grew wearisome



"THE BOAT ITSELF WAS UPSIDE DOWN, THE SAIL FLOATED WIDE, AND THERE WAS NO SIGN OF GEORGE."

meals, forbade all sweets, and sent him to bed at night before themselves. Day by day he practised at the lake; and at the track they kept him hard at work running, jumping, putting the shot; one day doing one thing, one another; giving him one day nothing but hard and heavy work, ordering the next nothing but things that called for quickness; directing him to put on his sweater and be quiet sometimes when he felt in best condition and ready for more; at other times keeping him at work till he was ready to drop.

Hardest on his spirit were the constant corrections. Humble as he had become, eager as he was to learn, there yet remained in him

to his ear. Always he was being told, "That is not quite right; you must take more pains." Again and again he was put at the same things, again and again he was admonished for his slowness in learning, until at last he wanted to burst out and cry, "Let me alone!" But the thought of the kindness of his new friends in troubling themselves with him at all, restrained him, and the thought of the possible reward of his work urged him constantly to new patience and fresh endeavors.

And if there had been anything needed to spur him on, it was always present in the sight of Marshall working by himself, clever and persistent, beautifully built, like an antique bronze. The

sight of him sitting over the hurdles roused always in Chester both despair and hope. And if there had been any weakness in himself for his former friend, it was slowly but surely driven from his heart by the sayings, always biting and stinging, that came to him from Marshall's sharp tongue.

Now it was: "Chester has hired George and Jim with marshmallows, and is going to give them photographs of the Cup when he wins it"; and now it was: "Chester is a great mountain-climber and a fine swimmer — *but* he has n't climbed one mountain yet, nor crossed the lake." Now it was a slur upon his batting, now it was a joke upon his diving. Always the boy's

tongue learned to find the boy's heart, and at last Chester was eager to win the Cup, not for the Cup alone, but to beat Marshall.

And George's cheerful words made him think better of his chances of success. "There are seven events," said he, "out of which, to get the Cup, you must win four. Three are surely his, for you never can touch him in the hurdles or the jumps. But I am not so sure that the other four are not yours. At any rate, we are training you just for them. In the hundred and the shot we are sure of you; and the swim and the quarter-mile, if we can only get enough staying-power into you, are yours also.

"Chester, there is hope."

(To be concluded.)



CHESTER AND RAWSON AT WORK ON THE RUNNING-TRACK.

## "JOSEPH" AND PHEBE ANN.

BY LUCY H. STURDEVANT.



**P**HEBE ANN! Phebe Ann!" called a soft, imperative voice up the stairway.

Little Phebe Ann Folger opened her sleepy eyes, where the dreams seemed to linger all day long, to see the sun streaming in at her window, while the great Portuguese bell in the tower across

the street boomed out six reproachful strokes. It was high time to be up, with a new day begun, full of work and bustle, as Nantucket days were in whaling times, seventy years ago. Phebe Ann tumbled out of bed, and went over to her window, and promptly forgot all about getting up—forgot everything but looking out of the window.

"Phebe Ann!" said the voice again—nearer this time. "What is thee doing?"

"Looking from the window, mother," said Phebe Ann, honestly, and hung her head as she remembered how long she had been at the window.

"It is ever so, dear," said her mother, appearing at the door, spotless and sedate in the Friends' dress, and looking gravely upon her little daughter. "Why should thee? Thee never sees anything different, and thee wastes precious time."

Phebe Ann said nothing, for little girls did not "answer back" in 1830. She only wondered a little, very respectfully, for it seemed to her it was always changing—the view from her window: the gray town, the wharves where the ships rested, the little harbor, the encircling sea, half hidden in the sun-touched mist.

"They are never the same *color*," thought Phebe Ann, and then sighed heavily at her naughtiness, for she had a passion for color, which she thought a deadly sin, and which was sternly repressed by her family. The Folgers were very plain Friends indeed, and the big, square house on Orange Street, whose very shingles seemed grayer than other shingles, was as plain within as without. Mary Folger ruled her household alone most of the time, as whaling-captains' wives had to do, and guided it well and wisely, with a firm but gentle sway, bringing up her children according to the discipline of the Friends, training them to be sober and steadfast, passionless and serene.

Deborah, her oldest child, was her mother over again, sedate and fair; Reuben, the boy, sailed with his father, and could be trusted to him; but Phebe Ann, with her sea-blue eyes and apple-blossom cheeks, had a passionate, beauty-loving nature, that needed strict and careful guiding. Such guiding was quite beyond the comprehension of that small person herself. Though trained to self-control from her cradle, she wept tumultuously when forbidden to dress her doll like Maria Mitchell's, in gay garments such as those worn by the "world's people."

"I have made it my concern," said Mary Folger, who was so gentle that she might have spoiled Phebe Ann had she not been a Friend; "I have waked in the watches of the night regarding it, but I cannot see my way clear to allow thee to do this."

It was very hard for Phebe Ann, who loved her doll Joseph as the apple of her eye, and believed in her, and took her very seriously indeed, as she took everything. No one in that Quaker household guessed why Phebe Ann admired Joseph above all Old Testament heroes, or why she had named her doll after him (the doll Joseph being, above all things, feminine), or why an undeniable right to gay

clothes should go with the name. No one understood these things; nor, on the other hand, could Phebe Ann, through bitter tears, discern that Joseph was gowned in gray for the better training of her own soul. Rebelliously she felt that her mother did not altogether understand Joseph, and wept anew.

Mary Folger shook her head over the tempestuous tears.

"Thee must learn to obey cheerfully," she said. "Take thy seam, and put Joseph away until Fourth-day morning." She shook her head again over the name. "It is not befitting that a female should be known as Joseph," she said, "but thee may have thy way"; and Mary Folger tenderly kissed her weeping daughter.

"Mother," said Deborah, coming in hastily, "Peter Gardner is here, and would speak with thee. He has brought back our letters. He did not sight the 'Hope,' mother, in three years," said Deborah, her voice trembling a little.

"They are in God's hand, my daughter," said Mary Folger, bravely, as became a sailor's wife, and went out, leaving Phebe Ann, who had heard nothing because she was grieving over Joseph.

She dried her eyes presently, and put Joseph away for two days, reflecting the while that if Joseph *were* dressed in gay clothes she could no longer be a preacher in meeting. There was comfort in that thought.

"Still," thought Phebe Ann, shifting with the wind, "I could change back to Friends' dress sometimes, and Joseph likes gay colors. Joseph is a little worldly-minded," said Phebe Ann, shaking her head just the way her mother did. "I will speak to her about it—on Fourth-day."

Fourth-day came soon, and Fifth-day and Sixth-day—all days came quickly, for children were as busy as grown people then, and time flies for busy people. School "kept" all the year, except for the month of August, and lasted six hours a day; for seventy years ago no one had found out that it hurt children to study hard. Phebe Ann's mother thought she did not study hard enough, and Phebe Ann, who was very conscious of her own shortcom-

ings, was inclined to think so, too. She went to William Mitchell's school, and sat by his daughter Maria, who, with no presentiment of future glory, studied and worked and played in old Nantucket town like any other Quaker child, and, if the truth be told, rather looked down on little Phebe Ann, who was a sad dunce and dreamer, and could not do sums. Out of school, as in it, children were kept busy, and Phebe Ann was taught to cook and sew as systematically as she was taught to read and write, and had already executed a wonderful sampler in varied browns, with a little dull green as a concession to the willow-trees. She was not in the least overworked with it all, only busy and happy, and found time to play wonderful plays with Joseph, and occasionally to get into mischief—quite serious mischief for a Quaker child.

Behind the Folger house the ground dropped away suddenly to the street below, so that Phebe Ann, playing in the back yard, could have dropped a stone on the roofs of the houses "under the bank," as Nantucket calls it. She did once, in a fit of naughtiness, and was sent down to express her regret to the agitated Friends whose roof had been attacked, and came climbing back up the steeps of Gunter's Alley afterward, much oppressed by her sins. Phebe Ann was very fond of Gunter's Alley, which is Stone Alley now, and comes twisting and turning up through old houses and grassy yards and vine-covered walls, much as it did seventy years ago. There are glimpses of the sea as one nears the top. Phebe Ann forgot her sins when she came to that part; which was just as well, perhaps.

She loved the sea like her father before her—loved its sights and sounds and stories, the ships with their white sails, the busy wharves where the tides rise and fall, and where workmen and shipmen come and go about mystic, wonderful work, whose end and destination no man knows, whether it be the Arctic or the far South Seas.

When Captain Folger was ashore, Phebe Ann often went to the wharves, following him about like a faithful little dog. At other times she stayed at home, and read her book, and

sewed her seam, and played with her doll, as a little girl should do; but no matter how long she stayed away from them, she never forgot the wharves, with their glamour, any more than she forgot the ships or the sea.

On First-day she went to meeting, and sat for hours, whether the Spirit moved any one to speak, or whether the meeting opened, continued, and closed in silence. Mary Folger was a noted preacher, and Phebe Ann was used to hearing her mother's soft voice utter devout and earnest words, which were so absolutely the reflection and outcome of her life at home that they hardly seemed like preaching at all. Of late Mary Folger had refrained from preaching, but the Spirit sometimes moved her to make simple and beautiful prayers, which asked nothing, leaving all to God, and were met by a reverent hush over the meeting far deeper than its usual silence.

"Thee sees," said one Friend to another, stepping briskly homeward, "Reuben Folger's ship is overdue, and Peter Gardner brought back her letters. None of the ships have sighted her. Young Reuben sailed with his father. Truly I am in great concern of mind for Mary Folger."

The Folger household was always a grave one, but even the cloud of anxiety hanging over it did not dash Mary Folger's sweet serenity, won by a lifetime of prayer and self-mastery, where brain and will and heart alike waited for the prompting of the Spirit, and bent submissively to God's will.

"They are with God on sea as on land," said Mary Folger; and Deborah, watching her, steadied her own heart by that example, though she was learning through long days of waiting that the Hope held more for her than she would admit to her mother or herself.

Ship after ship was sighted from the Old South Tower and anchored outside the bar, while Mary Folger paced the whale walk and strained her eyes across the ocean in vain. Again and again she watched the lighters go out and cluster round the loaded ships, easing them of their cargo, until, lightened and free, they sailed in across the bar, safe at wharf and home at last.

"If that had been the Hope," sighed Deb-

orah, at her side, "and father and Reuben and—" She stopped with hot cheeks, to find her mother watching her gravely.

"Thee looks in a fever, my daughter," she said. "Take Phebe Ann and walk in the fresh air for an hour. Thee can go to the cliff if thee wishes," said Mary Folger, who was but an anxious woman, after all. "Thee has sharp eyes, and perhaps—but be discreet in thy behavior."

Presently Deborah and Phebe Ann, dressed precisely alike in sober gray, were stepping quickly through crowded, busy streets, where every one, seaman and landsman, bronzed captain and broad-brimmed Quaker, had a look and nod for Captain Folger's daughters, whom even Friends held to be "pleasing in their appearance." Every one liked Captain Folger, and every one in that seafaring community knew that his ship was overdue, and put an additional touch of kindness into his greeting in consequence.

Through it all Deborah Folger and her little sister walked with discretion, while the salt sea-breeze brought a fresher color into their round cheeks, and pushed hard at their close gray bonnets, and fluttered their little three-cornered capes frivolously, like the world's wind it was.

"Will thee go by the wharves, Deborah?" pleaded Phebe Ann.

"They are too crowded," said Deborah; "it is not well for two maidens to go there."

"Father will take me," said Phebe Ann, rebelliously, "when he comes home. Does thee hear me, Deborah? Father will take me."

But Deborah answered never a word.

The cliff was empty and bare in those days, with here and there a gray house, well back from the sea, as Nantucket housewives loved to be. At one of the gates stood a Friend, who greeted the two girls warmly, and Deborah stopped to talk to her, much against the wishes of Phebe Ann, who saw her walk cut short.

"Friend Starbuck and Deborah talk so much—and about *Josiah*!" said Phebe Ann to herself, with scorn.

Josiah was one of the mates on her father's ship, who had a way of sitting silently in the Folger sitting-room every Seventh-day evening when he was ashore. Why, Phebe Ann did



not see, or why any one should talk about him. Friend Starbuck was his mother, but it was stupid in Deborah. Phebe Ann wished she had brought Joseph to play with, as she wandered on by herself. Some distance away stood a big, bearded sailor, staring out to sea,



"THROUGH IT ALL DEBORAH FOLGER AND HER LITTLE SISTER WALKED WITH DISCRETION."

his hands in his pockets. Phebe Ann's eyes sparkled. He was an Irishman who had once been one of the boat-steerers on her father's ship. The Nantucket children were very fond of him, partly because he liked them, and partly because of his marvelous tales, and a

way he had of producing treasures from his vest pockets and scattering them broadcast. Friends thought his conversation savored of the world; hence there was a spice of wickedness in talking to him which enhanced it to the more daring spirits among the children.

Phebe Ann was one of these, and was one of Michael's especial favorites.

She stole softly up to him. "Michael," she said, "Michael!"

Michael did not move.

Phebe Ann remembered her father, and borrowed a word from him, unseemly though she felt it to be.

"Ahoy, Michael!" she cried. "Michael, ahoy!"

"Phebe Ann! Little Phebe Ann herself!" roared the Irishman, delightedly, swinging round and confronting the small gray person who had hailed him.

"How 's thee do, Michael?" said Phebe Ann, demurely.

"How 's thee do, Phebe Ann?" responded Michael, raising his cap with a flourish, to Phebe Ann's secret dismay.

"You're after lookin' for the cap'n's ship now," continued Michael. "Don't fret; she'll be in some fine

day soon. Don't be uneasy about her, Phebe Ann."

"Doubtless father will speedily return," said Phebe Ann, with dignity; then, with a little gasp of alarm, "Does thee think anything can have happened? Oh, Michael! does thee?"

"Awh, not a bit, not a bit!" said Michael. "Don't fear it, now, don't. See the pretty thing I've brought all the way from the Mediterranean"; and Michael began to fumble in his pockets in a way that made Phebe Ann forget all about everything but that. At last there appeared to her intent gaze a flat package, wrapped about with tissue-paper and secured by twine tied in many strange knots, after the manner of sailor-men.

"Here it is," said Michael, "and I've got it tied up so it won't get away, ye see";—dealing skilfully with the knots, while Phebe Ann fairly shivered with impatience.

"Now, then," said the Irishman, casting off the last knot, and opening inner wrappings. "And there's a little Italian girl I know up the Mediterranean that would cry her eyes out for this. I'm thinkin' her name'll be Phebe Ann, too," said truthless Michael, as the last wrapping fell back and revealed a gorgeous Roman scarf, striped in bands of wondrous color, soft and silken and fringed, a dream of a ribbon, a vision of loveliness to Phebe Ann, who loved beauty and softness and fine clothes.

She put her small hand out and took it, held it up, looked it over in all its length and loveliness, then dropped it back into its sheltering paper again, with a sigh that almost blew it away.

"Friends do not wear vanities," she said in a weeping voice. "Michael, thee knows Friends do not."

"Oh, ay, ay!" said the good-natured Irishman, who, bent on comforting her with the only thing he had at his disposal, had forgotten all about the Quaker principles. "I forgot that. But they won't mind a little girl—would they?"

"Yes; they would. Ta—take it back to Phebe Ann up the Mediterranean," said Phebe Ann, miserably, almost ready to disgrace herself again by tears.

"I'll not take it again," said Michael, half angry at her refusal. "Keep it and dress your doll in it, then. I'll not take it, I say." And without more words he turned back to his watch of the sea-line.

"Dress your doll in it," repeated Phebe

Ann, half aloud. That meant Joseph, and Joseph would look so well in colors.

"Phebe Ann!" called Deborah, in the distance, "the hour is nearly gone."

"Dear Joseph," said Phebe Ann, softly, remembering with a rush of tenderness a little doll at home, sitting patiently in her bedroom window, watching for ships, and dressed in a piece of her First-day gown. Phebe Ann seemed to see her in the scarf,—a radiant vision,—hesitated, looked at Michael's obdurate back, hesitated again, and was lost!

"Phebe Ann!" called Deborah again.

"Coming," said Phebe Ann, and she crushed the ribbon into her pocket and ran.

When one does wrong for the sake of another, is it as much of a sin? To Phebe Ann disobedience and deceit had always seemed impossibly bad, and for herself she would never have been guilty of them. But for Joseph? Was n't that different? Phebe Ann was very young, but the problem that confronted her is as old as the world,—as old as love and wrong,—and she could not solve it. Older people than she have found it hard, and faltered and lingered long over decision.

Phebe Ann wavered miserably, turned now this way, now that. When she swathed Joseph in the bright scarf, making her look like an Oriental king, magnificent in dress, even if somewhat restricted in movement, she was sure she was right, and that Joseph was her first duty. When she sat at evening worship, and listened to her mother's prayer, conscience said with appalling distinctness that wrong was wrong, and deceit was deceit, even when one did it for Joseph.

Phebe Ann went to bed every night a convicted sinner, and rose in the morning to find she was not quite certain about it, after all; for there was Joseph to think of, and Joseph—and Phebe Ann began all over again; for flesh is weak.

If it had been disobedience only, it would have been easier, for Phebe Ann rebelled now and then—often, for seventy years ago—though she would be considered a wonderfully good child to-day. But her small outbreaks had always been open and aboveboard, and quickly followed by submission and repen-

tance. This was different—this was deceit, and never in all her life before had Phebe Ann been deceitful.

So the days went by, until all at once something happened that opened her eyes to see that every one in the house was unhappy and anxious, and why. For one day she found

she astonished every one by saying she was glad school would begin next week.

"Thee did not use to love thy book, my daughter," said her mother, fondly. "Is thee going to be a student like Maria Mitchell, and make us all proud of thee?"

Phebe Ann gave a woeful look at her mother,



"KEEP IT AND DRESS YOUR DOLL IN IT," SAID MICHAEL."

Deborah sobbing passionately over her work. "Never to see them again—never again!" she sighed. "It is more than I can bear!"

Phebe Ann crept out of the room, ave-struck and silent. Friends are not given to tears, and will go dry-eyed through uttermost depths of sorrow, and though it is true that Phebe Ann cried now and then, she knew it was a childish weakness, far below Deborah or any grown person. She began to realize that something was very wrong indeed, and to long for her big, bluff father, and for Reuben, her only brother, who played with her now and then as a great condescension and an honor. She shrank from other children, because they looked at her pityingly, and "gave up" to her when they played, and made her feel that she was apart from them and different. She liked better to be alone with Joseph, or to follow her mother from room to room, and one day

and fled away to her own room, where she sat long, her chin in her hands, looking at Joseph, swathed, as ever, in the scarf. Dusk deepened down to night, but still Phebe Ann sat motionless. Some one called her from below. It was Deborah. "Come to evening worship, Phebe Ann." Phebe Ann rose, and, seizing Joseph, thrust her forcibly into a gaping pocket, and went slowly downstairs, with a large lump sticking out on one side—even Joseph, whose feet showed distinctly at the opening of the pocket.

Her mother and Deborah and Candace, the black cook, sat about the room in silence, waiting—waiting for the movement of the Spirit. No one looked up at Phebe Ann as she stole softly into the room and seated herself in a corner.

Mary Folger's white-capped head was bent; her hands, clasped in her lap, looked thin and

suffering. Phebe Ann could not bear to look at them, and she let her eyes wander about the room to the great white India jars, their blue figures scarcely showing in the dim light, to the high clock, whose ticking sounded loudly in the quiet room, to Deborah, who looked sad and worn, like every one else. The rising wind sighed about the house, and cried in the great chimney, and rattled at the window-shutters like an impatient hand. Within the stillness grew deeper—a spiritual stillness beyond reach of sound. Something cried for utterance in Phebe Ann's heart, louder as the stillness grew—a need for confession, instant, absolute. Was it the Spirit? Phebe Ann, a Quaker child, with generations of Quaker blood behind her, its teaching, thought, and practice close about her, could not doubt it, could not resist it. She rose to her feet in the silence, seeing not her sister's startled look, her mother's detaining hand, cast Joseph at her feet, and faltered her confession through sobs and falling tears.

Wearied with her struggle, she slept heavily, and came down the next morning to find the house full of a subdued bustle, with an undertone of joy that it had not felt for many a day. Deborah met her with a kiss and a hug.

"Phebe Ann, the Hope is in, the Hope is in!—anchored at the bar; and father will be here soon—the others must wait"—said Deborah.

"Thee means Reuben," said Phebe Ann, half asleep still. "He 'd like to come ashore with father, I know."

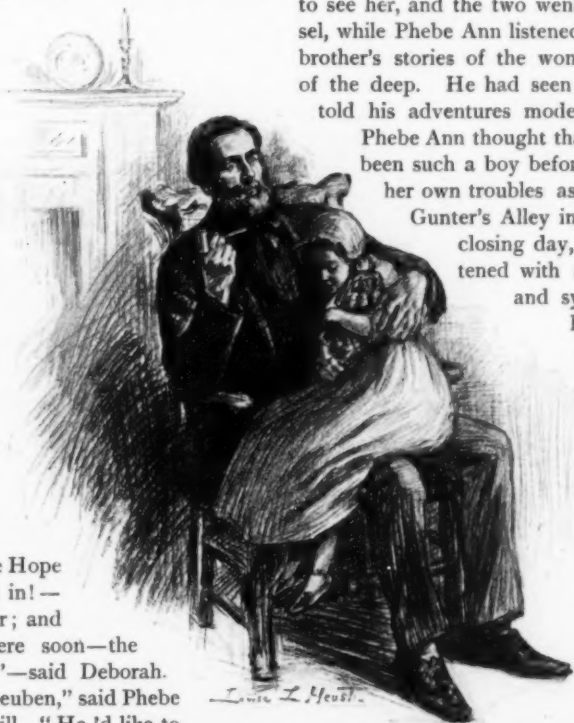
For in those days it was only the captain who came ashore at once. The others, officers and crew, stayed in the ship until the lighters came out, and she had unloaded her cargo into them. Not until they had brought her up to the wharf were they free to go to their own homes, where their wives awaited them.

Wives did not go out to meet their husbands in 1830 in Old Nantucket. It was not the custom in that historic town, which held that women belonged at home, and should stay there, no matter what happened. So Mary Folger awaited her husband in his own doorway, with a fair daughter on either hand, flushing and paling as the sounds grew nearer that showed Captain Folger was being warmly welcomed, but quiet and self-contained as ever, though her heart was beating wildly in a rapture she had thought never to feel again.

When the Hope was brought in to the wharf, three days later, Reuben took Phebe Ann down to see her, and the two went all over the vessel, while Phebe Ann listened breathless to her brother's stories of the wonders and dangers of the deep. He had seen many, though he told his adventures modestly enough, and Phebe Ann thought that there never had been such a boy before. She told him her own troubles as they climbed up Gunter's Alley in the dusk of the closing day, and Reuben listened with as much interest and sympathy as if he had never been round the great world at all.

"Thee did wrong," he said finally, "but don't thee cry, Phebe Ann I 'll bring thee a doll from my next cruise—such a pretty one!"

"But if mother won't let me have it?" said Phebe Ann.



"PHEBE ANN CLIMBED TO HER FATHER'S KNEE AND SAT ENTHRONED." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Whereat Reuben said nothing, knowing no remedy for such a state of things.

Two shadows lingered about the door—Deborah and another.

"If my parents find thee pleasing, Josiah," said one shadow softly, as Phebe Ann passed the little sister.

"But I want that thee should find me pleasing, Deborah—*thee*," said the other. Phebe Ann went in, wondering.

The sitting-room was full of people and lights and voices. Friends and world's people were gathered together to welcome Reuben Folger, to listen to his tale of suffering and adventure and threatening death. Mary Folger hovered about the outskirts, for it was not seemly for a woman to sit among so many men, and yet she could not keep away from her beloved, come back to her as it were from the dead.

She drew Phebe Ann aside as the child came slowly and hesitatingly into the room.

"Here is thy doll again, my daughter," she said, "and thy ribbon. Thy father wishes thee to have it," and Mary Folger looked as if she agreed with him. "We are pleased with thee, Phebe Ann," her mother added, tenderly.

"Phebe Ann!" cried her father, spying her across the room, "come here." And Phebe Ann climbed to her father's knee and sat enthroned, Joseph clasped in her arms, while in her heart "sweet Peace sat, crowned with smiles."

"Put thy head down, so," said her father. "What was I saying? Oh, ay. We heard her blow at half-past three in the morning,—a fine spermaceti 't was,—and we hove out our boats, it being still dark. Just before sunrising we struck her. She ran furiously at the first boat,—Reuben, here, was in it,—and oversot it—" And on and on went Captain Folger, until Phebe Ann slept, and when she woke it was to find herself being put to bed.



My grandpa sits in his easy-chair,  
And the hot dust swirls through the sultry  
air;  
And he says, as he looks at the wilting  
things:  
"It is going to rain when the rain-crow sings."

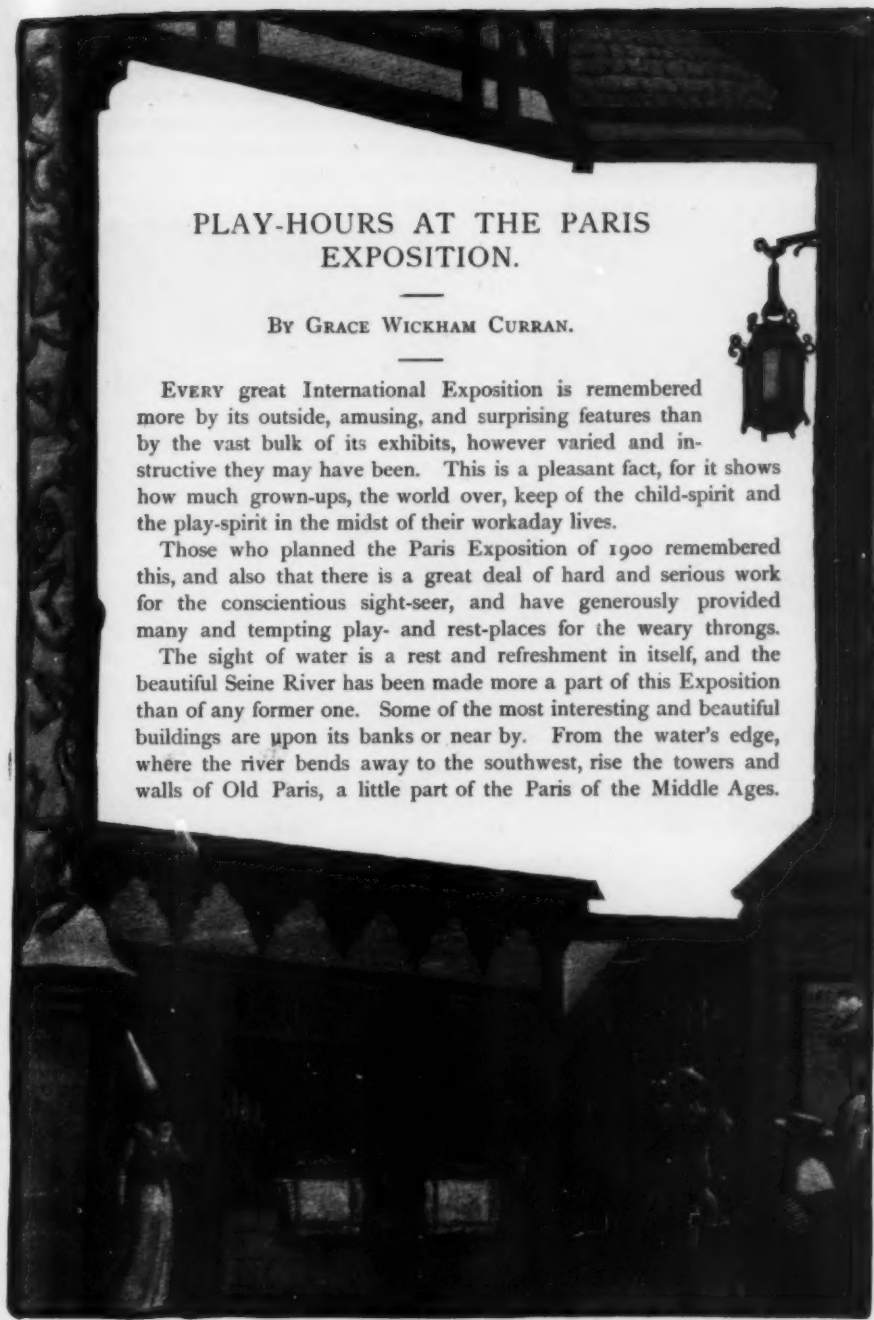
But the rain-crow sings from the rocking  
tree,

And never a cloud in the sky we see;  
And our longing eyes are turned in vain  
To the sky as we look for the promised rain.

But grandpa he will never complain;  
He waits, content, for the tardy rain,  
And says, as he looks at the wilting things:  
"It is going to rain, for the rain-crow sings!"

*Gertrude Norton.*





## PLAY-HOURS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

BY GRACE WICKHAM CURRAN.

EVERY great International Exposition is remembered more by its outside, amusing, and surprising features than by the vast bulk of its exhibits, however varied and instructive they may have been. This is a pleasant fact, for it shows how much grown-ups, the world over, keep of the child-spirit and the play-spirit in the midst of their workaday lives.

Those who planned the Paris Exposition of 1900 remembered this, and also that there is a great deal of hard and serious work for the conscientious sight-seer, and have generously provided many and tempting play- and rest-places for the weary throngs.

The sight of water is a rest and refreshment in itself, and the beautiful Seine River has been made more a part of this Exposition than of any former one. Some of the most interesting and beautiful buildings are upon its banks or near by. From the water's edge, where the river bends away to the southwest, rise the towers and walls of Old Paris, a little part of the Paris of the Middle Ages.

SOME BITS FROM THE PARIS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Long ago, when this bank was covered with a willow thicket, from which stretched away peaceful pastures for grazing cows, the real Old Paris was located far up the river on the Isle and its adjacent banks. It was a city of walls and strong towers, of gates and protecting fortresses,

bells ring. Little shops line the streets, with their pictured signs hanging out overhead, inviting all to buy at the Red Lion, the Golden Shell, or the Dragon, while shopkeepers in medieval dress vend their wares within. In the open place before the church, troubadours and



BEFORE THE "UPSIDE-DOWN" HOUSE. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

of colleges and churches, priests and lords and ladies, busy shopkeepers and turbulent, roistering students. Forty-nine colleges it boasted, three great abbeys, a cathedral and a hundred chapels and churches, and the houses which lined its narrow, winding streets were sculptured with rude but often beautiful Gothic designs.

A bit of that old city has been reproduced here to the life. Every house-front, every tower, is historic, and has its story, and everywhere are glimpses of the life of long ago.

Before the entrance-gate and through the streets march guards in the dress of olden times; from a high balcony at the river's edge a herald announces the opening of the gates in the morning, and their closing at night when the curfew

minstrels sing their songs and tell their tales, a sorceress on a street corner carries on her mysterious trade, a choir sings in the church, and a troupe of actors play in the audience-room of the palace. In a conspicuous place rises the pillory, suggestive and threatening.

Among the historic dwelling-houses is the birthplace of Molière, with a Gothic column built into its corner representing a tree-trunk up and down which a dozen carved monkeys climb. One wonders whether the daily sight of this column, the curious carved stone fountains in the street corners, and all the host of grotesqueries in Gothic sculpture, helped to develop in the baby Molière that humor which has delighted so many generations of playgoers.

History becomes a fascinating study when its story is read in stone towers and battlements, in weather-worn sculptures and decorated house-fronts. So skilfully have the builders of Old Paris wrought that it is hard to believe that we have not drifted back through the centuries into the life of other days. If some dweller in that ancient city could open his eyes in these streets he would surely feel himself at home; leaning from one of the stone towers or carved archways, he would look down into the same green Seine which formed so large a part of the life of his time, and not until he should lift his eyes to the opposite bank would he realize the flight of time; for there, in white splendor in the sunshine, rise the palaces of a new civilization, and the beautiful and varied pavilions of the nations of the world, some of them nations born since he closed his eyes.

Not far from Old Paris, in the Rue de Paris, a street crowded with concert-halls, burlesque spectacles, cafés, and the many attractions and distractions of modern Parisian life, one comes unexpectedly upon the amusing Upside-Down House or Manoir à l'Envers. Did some great giant stride through the avenues of the Exposition in the dead of night, and, thinking to play a joke on the world, pick up this stone castle, and set it upside down upon its chimneys and towers?

At any rate, here it stands, the Gothic arches

of its windows pointing downward, its sculptures, coat of arms, clock, flags, all in the same absurd position, while through an open window we catch a glimpse of a room whose chairs and tables cling to the ceiling, and waiters with their heads downward in the air move about, bearing trays of eatables turned upside down to upside-down patrons sitting at the upside-down tables. Has the law of gravitation been suddenly suspended to benefit the projectors of the Paris Exposition? We cannot resist the temptation to enter and go up—or is it down?—the winding staircase in the tower. Above, we find the various rooms of a private mansion, a drawing-room, bedroom, and even bath-room, all the contents of which follow the strange law of this strange house.

We discover, before long, that much is due to a clever arrangement of mirrors, while other curious mirrors, convex, concave, and variously curved, show us to ourselves in surprising and distorting shapes and attitudes.

Descending from the Rue de Paris by a flight of steps toward the river, we pass through a dimly lighted passageway into the Underground Aquarium. We may think that, with Jules Verne's hero, we have descended to the bottom of the sea, for before us, half buried in the soft sand upon which we tread, is the wreck of a ship, so arranged that it extends from the center of the space in which we actually stand on



A DIVER IN THE AQUARIUM.

into the ocean depths which are separated from us by sheets of glass. This wreck is one which was raised from the harbor at Cherbourg and reconstructed here. Fish swim contentedly in and out among the cordage and broken spars; crabs patiently crawl up the sides of the sunken hull and explore the mysteries of port-holes. But these inhabitants of the ocean do not constitute the chief attractions. Far in dim, shadowed recesses may be seen, disporting themselves, those water-sirens or sea-fairies whose undulating dances below the waves, legend tells us, cause the disturbances of the surface so menacing to mariners. Gliding, twisting, and bending, they rise and fall, while a weird music fills the air, as of rippling waves swelling to surging tempests and resounding through deep-sea caverns. In another compartment, the tranquil fish are startled by the swift appearance of two pearl-divers or fishers for coral and sponges, who, holding their breath, or letting it slowly escape in silver bubbles which rise upward, tread the sea-bottom in search of treasures.

There are times when we long for nature pure and simple, and then it is that the Exposition visitor hastens joyfully toward the Swiss village. Out from the hurry and bustle, the glitter and confusion, of brilliant Paris and the dazzling splendors of the Exposition, in a moment's time we may step into the peace and quiet of a pastoral village set in the hollow of an Alpine valley. Mountains tower above us. Part way up their sides stretch grassy pasture-slopes. On a high, distant rocky ledge clusters a group of the rude homes of a band of mountaineers, with a tiny chapel in the midst. From another lofty height a mountain stream leaps over the crags, and, after pausing a bit to lend its aid to the water-wheel of a mill below, gurgles and prattles over the stones beyond, and finally goes whispering between grassy banks bordered with wild flowers till it reaches a placid lake on whose further bank, protected by an overhanging crag, stands the chapel of William Tell.

The houses and shops, with their projecting eaves, carved balconies and doorways, and curiously shingled roofs, are wonderfully executed copies of real ones. In another part of the village is a group of mountain huts, brought from

Switzerland and reconstructed, timber by timber, some with thickly thatched roofs, others covered with overlapping stone slabs, while there are still others whose shingled roofs, weighted down by timbers and stones, suggest to us something of the violence of mountain storms.

Not a detail of the village has been neglected, nor of the natural scenery. All along the side of the brook grow the flowers and plants of Switzerland—the blue and white Alpine violets, the mountain pink, clothing in bright dress rough patches of rock, the edelweiss, low, purple asters, and masses of the Alpine rose. The wild poppy brightens the landscape with its orange and gold, and in sheltered spots below the dripping waterfall ferns peep forth.

An opening in the side of the mountain invites us to explore within. Advancing through a rocky passage, we seem to come out upon some upper height, with a view of the majestic Alps spread before us. Sunlit valley, wooded mountain-side, distant, sparkling lake, and towering, snow-clad peaks are there. It is only a panorama, but so well and artistically painted that we come away with the sense of having been for a brief half-hour really among the mountains.

These are but a few of the many attractions of the Exposition. In one corner a bit of old Venice greets us. Behind the fine Russian building is a little group of houses in the rude and heavy architecture of the villages of Russia, and in them a most interesting display of the handiwork of the peasants. From the door of one of these rude and simple houses it is but a step to the adjoining Chinese imperial village—a group of lightly constructed, gaily colored, and fantastic buildings, contrasting strangely with the neighboring Russian architecture.

Not far away is an underground Brahman temple of a race once powerful in northern India, its walls and columns a mass of heavy carving.

The Optical Palace is a place of much interest, and it is expected that before the close of the Exposition, by means of the huge telescope exhibited there, photographs of the moon will be taken which will apparently bring it so close

to the earth that it is thought objects measuring not more than a meter will be visible.

Of all the many diversions and attractions, nothing quite equals the night fêtes.

As gay, sparkling Paris grows gray and misty in the twilight, the Monumental Gate, looking upon the Place de la Concorde, raises its arch and columns, thickly studded with purple stars of varying depth of color, inviting the world to enter its portals. Long avenues of horse-chestnut trees stretch beyond; to the branches are hung thousands of orange-red lanterns. Looking far down these vistas, it seems as if a Milky Way of harvest moons have drifted hither, and, becoming lost among the branches, look with wonder upon the passing multitude below.

On both sides of the river are long lines of buildings decorated with strings and festoons of gleaming stars, while the water below catches their light and reflects it back with a softened radiance. The trees in the Rue de Paris are gay with electric lights representing variously colored blossoms, and all the cafés and amusement places of this little street are aglow with

lights. But beautiful as are the river-banks, the crowds press eagerly on toward the great quadrangle lying between the Trocadero on one side of the river and the Electrical and Water palaces on the other.

The Eiffel Tower, lighted from top to bottom, lifts itself over all, and casts its search-light eye about as if trying to decide whether this Exposition of 1900 is really as great as the one of 1889, to which, undoubtedly, it is partial, as being the occasion of its birth.

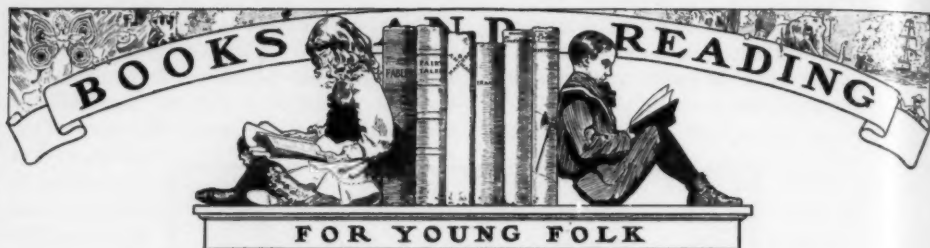
The Trocadero and its fountains are all ablaze with light, and dome and tower and the front wall shed forth a glory all along the way as we approach the gay Electrical Palace, which raises a shining, lace-like crown of light all across the end of the space. Below



THE SWISS VILLAGE BELOW THE WATERFALL.

and in front of this golden crown is the great grotto of the Water Palace, from whose height the water pours to the basins below, there to rise again in jets and tumbling masses of color, sometimes as an opalescent spray, and again breaking into a wealth of flashing jewels, always changing, never still, but ever in all its phases exquisite and beautiful.





#### REDUCING PRICES OF BOOKS.

**DURING** the reign of Queen Anne of England a law was passed that if any person should think a book was published at too high a price he might complain to the Archbishop of Canterbury and some other officials. If they were convinced that the complaint was justified they might reduce the price, and any bookseller charging more would be fined!

#### "RESPICE FINEM."

THESE two words, as our young Latin scholars know, contain a very good piece of advice, provided it be rightly applied. They mean, of course, "Consider the end"; that is, do not undertake anything without thought of what naturally follows.

Once a clever showman arranged an entertainment in the way he thought it would give most pleasure. First, there was a preparatory part, then a most interesting set of events that raised some puzzling question, and then a conclusion, meant to please those who had followed the whole from the beginning. But some people thought they knew better than the showman; and, besides, they were impatient. So they insisted upon changing the order he had arranged. Some did not arrive till the first part was over. They came for the second part, stayed till the end, and then came back another time to see the beginning. Others saw the last part first, then the second, and so on. This disappointed the showman, who had done his best to put everything in its right order.

Such people do not rightly understand the wisdom of the Latin motto. They translate it, "Look at the end first." But it does not mean that at all. It means: "Consider how much more you will enjoy the end of a book if you read it as the author meant it to be read."

Of course, if you prefer to spoil the effect of

a good book by reading the last chapter first — why, the loss is your own. But if you are wise, you will hesitate to spoil the flavor of a good dinner by eating dessert before soup.

#### ROBINSON CRUSOE.

WHENEVER there are lists made of books for young readers, "The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures" of the York mariner is sure to be among the most popular. In its first form the book ended when the castaway was rescued from his island by "Pyrates"; and the inferior second part (for certainly it is inferior as a story) and a still less interesting third part came out only after the early adventures had found eager readers.

The book appeared first in 1719, when the author, Defoe, was fifty-eight years of age, and it was bought by persons of all ages, and read with delight. What well-known men and women were young enough to enjoy "Robinson Crusoe" when it was "just out"?

Jonathan Edwards and John Wesley were sixteen years old; Benjamin Franklin was thirteen; Buffon, the naturalist, Fielding, the novelist, Euler, the mathematician, and Linnæus, the botanist, were each twelve; Haller, the writer, and Chatham, the orator, were eleven; and we should be glad to know whether any of these boys were lucky enough to read the first edition. Frederick the Great was seven years old, and probably did not read it.

Perhaps you may be interested in a few questions about the story:

1. From whom did the hero take his first name? What was his last name, in its true form? What does the name mean in its original language?
2. How came Robinson to visit America?
3. On what day was he cast on his island home?
4. Supposing the story true, what persons occupied the throne in England during his stay on the island? What was happening in North America about that time?

5. How old was Robinson Crusoe when wrecked?
6. How did he know that the footprint on the sand was not made by his own foot?
7. What did "Benamuckee" mean to Friday?
8. How long was Crusoe on the island until rescued?
9. How came Crusoe into the ownership of a fortune during his absence from civilization?

**YOUNG FOLKS IN LIBRARIES.** THE Brookline (Massachusetts) Library, having an unused room, decided in 1890 to fit it up as a children's reading-room. The example was followed in the Minneapolis Library three years later, and in another three years there were such rooms in libraries in Denver, Boston, Omaha, Seattle, San Francisco, Detroit, New Haven, Buffalo, Brooklyn, Pittsburg, and Kalamazoo; and now there are many libraries especially arranged for young readers.

In Milwaukee Library, there is over the door of the children's room this inscription:

THIS ROOM IS UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE  
BOYS AND GIRLS OF MILWAUKEE.

A full account of the work of libraries for the especial benefit of children is given in the "Review of Reviews" for July, 1900. The writer of the article says: "One notable feature about all these libraries is the liberty given children, and the freedom from abuse of that privilege"; and in conclusion, "The library that does not recognize this work as one of the developments of the future will soon find itself behind the times."

**HOW TO USE LIBRARIES.** It is doubtful whether many boys and girls understand how to use a library. In nearly every town there is a large collection of books waiting to tell you whatever you care to know. No private person can possibly afford the space, the time, or the money that a whole city or town full of people may give to collecting, arranging, and caring for books. The city can pay men and women to look after thousands of books, to make lists of them, keep them in order, and lend them to readers. Librarians nowadays are trained to know books and to assist readers in picking out just the volumes wanted. It is their business and their pleasure to help young readers. If you are interested in any subject, the librarian will assist you in every way

to find the books that will tell about it. Do not make the mistake of thinking that the librarians are not interested in what children care about. It is no secret that even librarians were once boys or girls, who skated, played games, read young people's books, and were interested in dolls, kites, and cameras.

**OWNING BOOKS.** You will be surprised to find how many books will come to live on your own shelves if you are not careful what ones you invite. Every Christmas, every birthday, and many an occasion will be marked by the arrival of a new party, until your shelves will be crowded by the welcome and unwelcome guests. Then you will begin to dispose of the least desirable. Young readers have a curious fashion of growing up and outgrowing other things besides shoes and clothing. If you have small brothers and sisters, it is easy to hand books down the line. But if there are no such convenient assistants, it will be well to remember that there are other small children in the world who will be delighted with the "Rollo" books by the time you have graduated from them.

Perhaps it would be an excellent plan for all the children of a town to collect the books each of them does not care to keep, and then to consider whether these will not make a good lending library for some of the young readers who have fewer books of their own.

The true lover of reading delights to help others to reading. A book lying about unread is a book that for the time is dead.

**VERTICAL HANDWRITING.** THERE is a discussion as to whether the vertical handwriting is the best to teach children. We should be glad to learn what the young people themselves prefer, and what they think on this question.

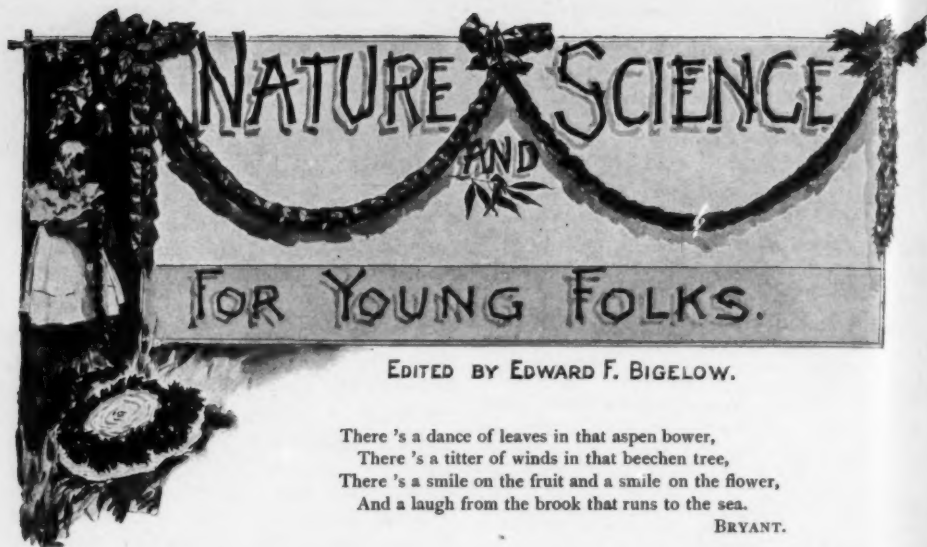
Is it easier to learn than the slanting writing?

Is it easier to read?

Can it be written as rapidly?

What do the parents of our readers think about this handwriting question?

**A TALKING BOOK.** RUTH LINN, eleven years old, tells in the League department of this number what a book said to a little girl in a dream. Book-lovers should not fail to read her clever story.



EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW.

There 's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,  
There 's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,  
There 's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower,  
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

BRYANT.

#### LEAF PLEASURE—DECORATION AND INSTRUCTION.

"WHAT is the use of leaves?" was the question asked on page 459 of the March number, and many answers have been received since. The question was asked just as the leaf-buds were swelling, to call attention to the wonderful unfolding and growth of the beautiful leaves. It is evident from the letters received that our young observers were interested in

leaves, and became more so. They have continued to watch them with deeper interest through the spring and summer months, which result was hoped for when the question was asked.

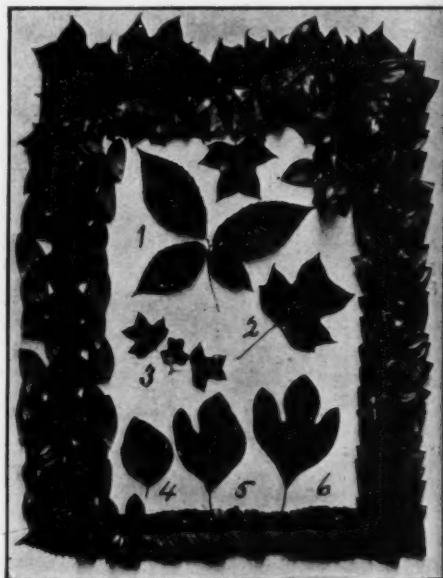
In September the leaves are at their best for making leaf-lace, according to the method described on page 553 of the April number, because in this month the framework or veins and veining attain their greatest strength, and have not yet been injured by the autumn frosts, as they will be a little later.

But leaf-lace is not the only method of ornamentation by leaves. They may be easily pressed and arranged in ornamental designs.

Perhaps the best and easiest of all methods of decoration is the making of leaf wreaths or "chains," as is known to the children in a few



OUTLINE OF CHESTNUT LEAF.



LEAVES, AND "CHAINS" MADE FROM THEM.

Top, tulip tree; bottom, beech; right, greenbrier; left, sassafras; 1, beech twig with leaves; 2 and 3, tulip tree; 4, 5, and 6, the three different forms of leaves found on one branch of sassafras.

parts of the country. This work — or, rather, play — is so much enjoyed by those few who do know of this "busy time among the leaves" that it will doubtless be of interest to all Sr. NICHOLAS boys and girls. Even in the city schools a small party can be sent out into the country and easily obtain leaves enough to decorate a school-room or a room at home.

We all know that our work in leaf-weaving cannot improve on the natural beauty of the leafy branches, but the picked leaves can be easily carried in boxes, and a few festoons and spirals around posts give variety and add to the effect. As we handle the leaves we become familiar with their form, texture, and elasticity. Experience will show how they vary.

In the autumn, branches bearing nuts add greatly to the interest. Branches of oak with galls and acorns have a very pretty effect.



HOW TO HOLD THE CHAIN AND TURN THE LEAF.

Leaves for such purposes of decoration have an advantage over flowers in that they can be obtained readily, retain their freshness, are not crushed in packing, and are easily transported. Chestnut- and oak-leaves are the most convenient, but many others "weave" easily and make attractive chains. The leaves of sassafras (mingling the three forms that are to be found on every tree), the tulip-tree, beech, and white birch, and the greenbrier (smilax) produce oddities in leaf chains that are very attractive, but are more difficult to make. Narrow chains, too, may be made



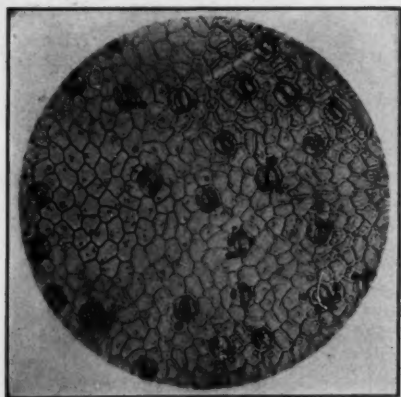
A PARTY OF YOUNG FOLKS, HAVING A MERRY TIME IN THE WOODS, GATHERING LEAVES AND WEAVING THE LEAF CHAINS.



VIEWS OF THE BEAUTIFUL STRUCTURE OF LEAVES BY AID OF THE MICROSCOPE. (FIVE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THESE MICROSCOPIC VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON THIS PAGE AND THE NEXT.)

from the very small leaves—especially from those with deeply notched edges.

Hold the leaf with tip from you and under part of the leaf uppermost. Turn over the stem and push it through the leaf near the midrib, and by firm pinching break down the



THE MOUTHS, OR STOMATA, OF A LEAF.

midrib in the fold. Place another leaf below this, turn over the stem, and push through the three thicknesses. A little practice, patience, and careful observation of the illustrations herewith will show you how it is done. In a very short time about ten yards can be made in an hour, and all the pupils of a school can soon make enough of the leaf chain for wreaths, festoons, or spirals (to wind around pillars) to decorate the room.

By a little ingenuity mottoes can be made from the twigs. The letters in the words "Na-



EXTERNAL HAIRS OF A LEAF.



INTERNAL HAIRS OF A LEAF.

ture and Science for Young Folks," in the heading of this department, are drawn to show how twigs may be composed into attractive lettering.

A chain may be wound around a hat, and crossed and pinned in the back, making a "leaf bonnet." Another chain may be placed around the back of the neck, brought forward





ARRANGEMENT OF CELLS IN LEAF OF A RUBBER-PLANT.

over the shoulders, crossed, carried back, and crossed again, thus making a "leaf jacket."

Singly, also, the leaf is a thing of great beauty. Note the various shapes, graceful outlines, and veining. Although leaves are common, surely they are not commonplace, and the more we know them, the better we appreciate them.

It is very interesting to note their arrangement in definite order on each small twig. It is a wonderful fact that each of the thousands of leaves on a tree is so placed as to form a system of arrangement.

In the plant, the leaf has uses similar to those of the lungs and stomach in animals. The leaf is a device for exposing green tissue to the air and sunlight. Gases are taken in and pass out. The leaf thus really breathes, and it also changes the food in readiness for the uses of the plant. In many books of botany there are interesting experiments showing the work of the leaves.

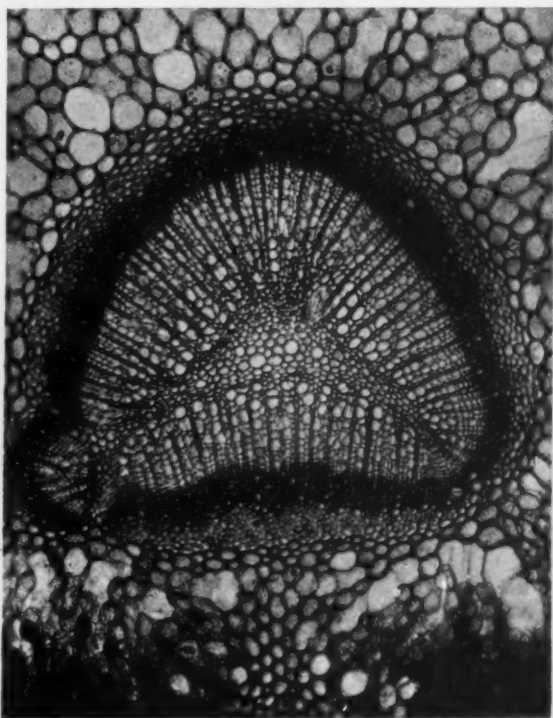
If we tear a leaf and examine the

thin skin on the lower side, we can easily see the *stomata*, or mouths, by the aid of a microscope. Each mouth consists of two guard-cells in crescent form, that regulate the passage of gases and water vapor. The guard-cells come together or shrink apart as occasion requires, thus diminishing or increasing the opening between them.

By making a very thin cross-section of the leaf and greatly magnifying it under the microscope, we see that the whole structure is a mass of cells like little boxes packed together.

But for all these and further details our young folks are referred to teachers and text-books of botany.

The study of leaf forms and structure is one of the best introductions to the love of our trees. Everybody loves the trees, and it is hoped that all our young folks will love them, and especially their leaves, more and more.



EDGE VIEW OF A LEAF CUT ACROSS THE MIDRIB.

## BIG AND BEAUTIFUL MOTHS.

"You may keep the cocoons," wrote Mrs. Bel, who furnished the specimens for the illustrations in her article, "Gathering Cocoons," on page 455 of the March Nature and Science.

moth crawled up on the plant, and its limp wings hung like pieces of wet cloth; but in a few hours they unfolded and became firm as the fluids from the body passed into the veins of the wings and hardened. Sometimes the wings trembled, and again they opened and shut

So the two were placed on the soil in a flower-pot on a table. There the conditions closely imitated those of nature, for the cocoons were kept moist by the dampness from the soil, and had a "rain-storm" every time the geranium was watered. A little later

than was predicted—in the first part of July—there came from the short

the cecropia is indeed a majestic and beautiful moth, and is largest of our giant silkworms.

It is almost beyond belief that these large moths were packed away

slowly and gracefully.

Within a day or two a larger and beautifully marked moth came from the longer cocoon. The color is not so bright, but

cocoon (that of the polyphemus), which was spun between two leaves, a beautiful moth of a dull yellowish ocher, shaded with black, tinged red, and ornamented by eye-spots. The

in the cocoons and can thus survive the cold and storms of winter. Do you wonder that Gibson was inspired with a greater love of nature on seeing one emerge from a cocoon held in his hand?



THE  
POLYPHEMUS  
MOTH.



THE CECROPIA MOTH.

## CHICKAREE.

Of all the little wild creatures none is quite so easy to make friends with as the red squirrel. How he pops forth, as you enter the woods,



THE CHICKAREE OR RED SQUIRREL.

and greets you with a challenging bark, for all the world like an excitable little dog! And, like the little dog, too, his subsequent conduct depends on how you treat him. If you pass by with an indifferent air, or jeer at him, he will scold shrilly as long as he can see you; but if you sit down quietly near by, and assume a friendly, interested look and manner, he will soon grow quiet and seek closer acquaintance with you.

His advances are very pretty and amusing. First, he will dart from limb to limb, trying to get a better view of you. Then, having found the nearest and best limb for this purpose, he will advance along it by spasmodic jerks, flirting his tail and chattering nervously, as if to keep his courage up to the sticking-point. At length, when he finds himself partly screened by the foliage of the limb, he will suddenly become silent, and will sit watching you for a minute, thinking himself entirely concealed.

You must now keep perfectly still, if you wish to become more closely acquainted with him. As soon as he satisfies himself that you are harmless and well disposed, he will scurry back to the trunk of the tree and begin to descend it, now on this side, now on that, in short dashes, accompanied by much loud and defiant barking.

Having reached the ground, his first act will probably be to scamper off to another tree at the top of his speed, as if he thought all the boys and girls in the town were close at his heels. But you must be very patient, and his curiosity and natural friendliness will at length bring him close to you. He will scurry around the spot where you are sitting, making swift

flights between stumps and logs and tree-trunks, and stopping at every coign of vantage to peer out at you with his beady, shining eyes.

Everything now depends upon how you really feel toward him in your heart; for the red squirrel, like some other of our little wild neighbors, is a quick and excellent judge of character and motives. If you really love the little fellow, and would n't hurt a hair of his russet coat for the world, he soon divines it and will approach you fearlessly and affectionately.

But if one does not really love the inquisitive little red squirrel — is only curious to see what he will do when humored — he will simply play about his visitor for a while and then run away, his own curiosity satisfied.

I have always been particularly fond of little Chickaree, and I think he has come to recognize me as his friend, too, in spite of the fact that the first time I ever made his acquaintance as a boy, I was after him with an old muzzle-loading pistol filled with powder, paper, and shot. When I fired the pistol, it flew off into



THE RED SQUIRRELS AND NEST.

the bushes, and came near carrying my hand with it, while the red squirrel still sat just where

I had aimed at him, scolding terribly at my bad intentions and worse marksmanship. I was heartily ashamed of myself, and went home without picking up the pistol or waiting for Chickaree to finish his reprimanding lecture.

I wish every boy and girl might learn to know and love the red squirrel, for he is one of the jolliest, most entertaining and confiding little fellows you will meet with anywhere in the outdoor world. JAMES BUCKHAM.

## "BECAUSE THE EDITOR WANTS TO KNOW"

will you please write him at once?

TING-a-ling-ling-ring-ring-ling-ing-g-g-g-g.

No, I don't want to know what that is. I found out. I may not have known at first, for I was dreaming, and thought the sexton had lost his senses, and rang the chime of bells on the church till steeple and bells came crashing down to the ground, and no wonder! It did seem as if the alarm-clock set at 3.30 would not stop till it had not only awakened me, but had roused the whole family and neighbors, too, to rush in and inquire the cause of the noise.

But I was awake,—you may be certain that I knew that,—and the alarm-clock had so faithfully done its work, that it seemed as if I must have given it several extra turns in anticipation of a midsummer early morning three-mile tramp to a forest hillside near a pond, where the bird-chorus is especially enjoyable about sunrise.

Looking up the road from the window to the

good bird-music, interesting insects, and a vasculum well filled with flowers.

And I was not disappointed. Upon arriving



NO. 1.



NO. 2.

home for breakfast at eight-thirty, I found that the five hours had gained memoranda on seventeen birds, the vasculum was well filled, and there were insects in the cyanide jar and some small soap-boxes sufficient to fill nearly half of a small-sized "Cornell" collecting-case.

I wish some of the writers of the "Because I Want to Know" letters on my desk had been with me—but the next best thing is to show them pictures of some of the most interesting things seen and collected. Here are two birds, No. 1 and No. 2, both long, slender birds with interesting peculiarities. What are they, and how can I distinguish, even if seen at a distance,



NO. 3.



NO. 4.

east, I saw that the sky was clear and the outlook especially favorable for an enjoyable tramp,

these long birds by their characteristic flight? Then here are Nos. 3, 4, and 5—all very interesting specimens.

To the one who will write the best letter about at least two of these "finds" as here pictured, Nos. 1-5, the letter to reach me before December 1, I will send a beautifully illustrated and very interesting book, "just in time for Christmas." Who will tell me—because I really "want to know"

—what you have learned about these interesting things?



NO. 5. (ENLARGED.)

#### FROM THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BABY FLYING-SQUIRREL IN THE KITCHEN.

AUSTIN, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few evenings ago, my grandfather went into the dining-room, after dinner, to get something. On the floor he saw what he thought was a rubber ball; but as he stooped to pick it up it moved, so he took a goblet and placed it over the thing.

Then we took a light and got down on the floor to see what it was. At first we thought it was a bat, but we looked it up in the Natural History, and found it was a baby flying-squirrel.

So a piece of glass and a wire dish-cover were found, and we made a sort of cage. He would run up the sides of the cover, and eat bread and water. In the morning he was not so frisky, and would not eat. Then we made a little nest in an apple-tree, and gave him some warm milk.

He was about two inches long, not counting the tail, which was broad and flat. There was skin connecting the fore and hind legs.

I think there was a robin's nest near his nest, as an old robin chattered furiously whenever we went there.

WARREN S. CARTER.

Does the "flying"-squirrel really fly? Can it go from the ground up into a tree or straight across from one tree to another?

A young friend tells me that a family of flying-squirrels once made their home in an old boot in the attic. Will some other of our sharp-eyed readers please tell observations of this interesting little animal?

#### THE SQUASH-BUG.

PIPER CITY, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been interested in the squash-bug, which hides itself in any little out-of-the-way place, and lays its eggs on the under side of squash-leaves.

DELMAR G. COOK.



THE SQUASH-BUG.

This belongs to an extensive family of many species. The wings are peculiarly interesting in the form of the venation or pattern of the veining. Examine them very carefully.



THE FLYING-SQUIRREL IN FLIGHT AND AT REST.

#### PLEASE REMEMBER:

To read the prize offers for observations and drawings previous to October 1. Re-read "Sharp Eyes and Skilful Pens," on page 550 of the April Nature and Science.





VACATION days draw to a close;  
 Good-by to meadow, wood, and shore;  
 Ere long we'll hear the steps of those  
 Who hasten toward the school-house door.

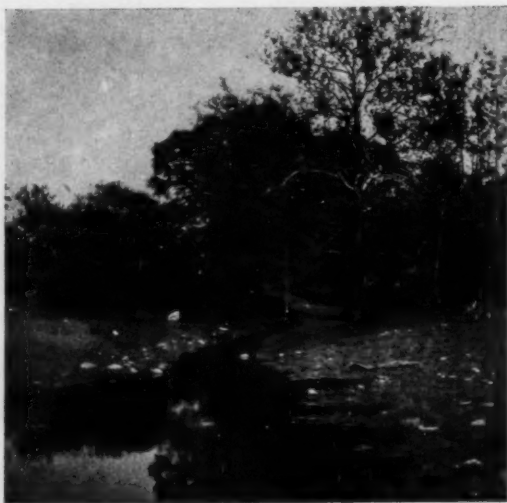
A few more romps across the turf  
 To mountain dim or woodland cool,  
 A few more plunges in the surf,  
 And then, good-by! we're off for school!

VACATION is such a happy time that it always seems to end just a bit too soon. But it is the very fact that it does end, and of the work that comes before and after it, which makes it so sweet. We all think, sometimes, that a whole year of vacation would be jolly,—just for once, anyway,—but before the year was half through we would be wondering what to do next, and looking at the closed, empty school-house with longing eyes. And so vacation is made never quite long enough, in order that we may appreciate it all the more, and look forward and backward to the joys of summer-time through all the busy year.

MANY League members have been keeping up their League work and winning prizes during their rest days. They will come

home proudly wearing them, and those of their fellows who see and admire will be spurred to renewed efforts. We are beginning to work for the winter months now, and the first year of League competitions will soon be finished. The organization has been a success, greater even than was anticipated by the St. NICHOLAS editors. It has awakened a new interest in thousands of

readers, and has attracted attention all over the world, for League work has invited the notice and admiration of the greatest instructors in our greatest schools. We would like every St. NICHOLAS reader to register as a member and obtain the membership badge before the year closes, so that in after years he may say: "I joined the St. Nicholas League during its first year of existence."



"SUMMER" BY WOODRUFF W. HALSEY, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

#### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 9.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

POEM. Gold badges, Berta Hart Nance (age 16), Albany, Texas; and Leslie Groser (age 8), 600 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Silver badges, Angus M. Berry (age 14), Logan, Iowa; and Lucius A. Bigelow, Jr. (age 8), the Westminster, Boston, Massachusetts.

ILLUSTRATED POEM. Gold badge, Margaret Morris (age 13), 53 Edgehill Road, New Haven, Connecticut.

Silver badge, Isadore Douglas (age 12), Vintondale, Cambria County, Pennsylvania.

PROSE. Gold badges, Margaret Beatrice Child (age 13), 31 River Street, Oneonta, New York; and Myron Chester Nutting (age 9), 1808 Third Avenue, Spokane, Washington.

Silver badge, Ruth Linn (age 9), Humboldt, Nebraska.



"A JULY DAY." BY SAMUEL S. BERRY, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

ILLUSTRATED PROSE. Gold badge, Sarah L. Wadley, Jr. (age 14), Great Hill Place, Bolingbroke, Georgia.

Silver badges, Charlotte Dodge (age 15), Honolulu, Hawaii; and Ora Winifred Wood (age 11), 14 Dwight Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

DRAWING. Gold badges, Seward H. Rathbun (age 14), 1622 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and Ursula Sutton Nelthorpe (age 14), Scawby, Lincolnshire, England.

Silver badges, Victor S. D. Sherman (age 12), 346 Belden Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; and Laura J. Aldrich (age 11), 423 Bluff Street, Beloit, Wisconsin.

PHOTOGRAPH. Gold badge, Woodruff W. Halsey (age 11), 144 Murray Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Silver badge, Samuel S. Berry (age 13), 220 East Olive Street, Redlands, California.

WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH. First (five dollars and gold badge), Howard S. Wheeler (age 15), Rockland, Massachusetts. Second (three dollars and gold badge), Percival W. White, Jr. (age 13), Milton, Massachusetts. Third (gold badge), Richard G. Halter (age 14), Lebanon, Pennsylvania.

PUZZLES. Gold badge, Mabel Miller Johns (age 15), Alta Avenue, Park Hill, Yonkers, New York.

Silver badge, Henry Goldman (age 14), 534 East Eighty-third Street, New York City.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badge, Elsie Fisher Steinheimer (age 15), Hotel Park, Roxbury, Massachusetts.

Silver badge, Marjorie Clare (age 9), 51 Willow Avenue, Plainfield, New Jersey.

### TWILIGHT.

BY LESLIE GROSER (AGE 8).

(Gold Badge.)

The twilight is sad and cloudy,  
The wind blows wild and free,  
And like the wings of sea-gulls  
Flash the whitecaps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage  
There shines a ruddier light,  
And a little face at the window  
Peers out into the night.

### A TEXAS SEPTEMBER.

BY BERTA HART NANCE (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

The sun and wind have spent their force  
On earth, as dry as Gideon's fleece;  
And rushing rains have run their course,  
And yet the summer's end is peace.

Dim smoky haze hangs on the hill;  
The mesquits listen in the vale;  
A plover's call comes through the still,  
And down the valley drums the quail.

The Seven Stars march through the night;  
The Dipper wheels its silent round;  
The moon makes charming, with its light,  
The meanest weed upon the ground.

The air is cool at morn and eve;  
The wind is silent through the day;  
The travelers on the highway leave  
A cloud of dust to mark their way.

### THE BEARS' BATH-TUB.

BY MYRON CHESTER NUTTING (AGE 9).

(Gold Badge.)

LEONARD HASTINGS' father was a civil engineer in the employ of one of the Western railroad companies. One summer, much to Leonard's delight, he permitted his little son to spend a month in camp with him.

Among the men of the party was an old hunter named Colby, who told Leonard many interesting stories of the animals that inhabited the woods.

One evening, when Colby came in to supper, he told Leonard that, as the party was at work that day in the thick brush, they could hear an old bear and her cubs.

"Do you know, Leonard," said he, "that when a mother bear finds there is danger at hand, she does not run away and leave her little ones to follow as best they can, but drives them along before her till they reach a



"BY THE RIVER." BY HERBERT POST, AGE 16.



"IN PROSPECT PARK." BY ALEX. ATWORTH, AGE 17.

place of safety. To-day we could hear the old bear cuffing the little ones along, and the little fellows yelping a good deal like puppies. Perhaps they did not want to go, and their mother had to cuff them hard to make them run fast."

A few days later, as the party started out to work, Mr. Hastings said: "Come, Leonard, you may go out on line to-day. I have something to show you. We have found the bears' bath-tub."

The idea of a bear's bath-tub was so funny to Leonard that he thought his father must be jesting. But he was always glad to go into the woods and watch the men cutting the big trees and surveying the line for the railroad, and this morning ran happily along, wondering if bears really had bath-tubs.

When they reached the place where the men had quit work the evening before, Mr. Hastings turned to where the trees grew very tall and thick. Leonard kept close to him, and when they had walked about five hundred feet, sure enough! they found the bears' bath-tub and play-ground. At the foot of a big white spruce-tree, in the angle between two large roots, was a little pool of clear water, and the roots on both sides were worn smooth by the little bears as they scrambled in and out of their tub. The ground was tracked by their feet, and the small trees near by were smeared with mud where they had climbed them while their coats were wet and muddy.

"Oh," said Leonard, "how I would like to see the little fellows taking a bath!"

But papa said he had better not wish for too close an acquaintance with bears.

#### SUGGESTION OF NATURE.

BY LUCIUS A. BIGELOW, JR. (AGE 8).

(Silver Badge.)

GREEN grass growing 'neath our feet,  
Blue space upward gaze to greet,  
Birds' wings fluttering in the air,  
Color, fragrance, everywhere.

Come, my brother, come away,  
Through the misty dawn of day.  
We will follow whispering leaves  
To the haunt which summer weaves.

#### A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

BY MARGARET BEATRICE CHILD  
(AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

MANY and beautiful are the legends my dear friend, the Spirit of the Wind, whispers to me in the still, gray twilight; but the one I love best she tells me every Christmas Eve.

And these are the words of the legend; but I would you might hear her voice, low and tender, yet musical and sweet, as she bends over me: "Little Dear-my-friend, you know that each Christmas Eve Christ walks on earth in the form of a little child; but no mortal knows where he goes, or what happens after midnight, early on Christmas morning.

"The Christ-child goes to a great pine forest, and keeps his Christmas. He stands beneath a beautiful pine, and as he stands there everything is changed.

"The pine-trees, laden with snow, are hung with millions of stars, shining with a sparkling, golden light; and beneath the pine stands the Christ-child.

"Little Dear-my-friend, I would you could see him. He is clad in purest white, around his head is a halo, and his long hair falls below his shoulders in masses of wavy, golden brown. His deep, star-like eyes shine with a happy light as he raises his hand and the stars sing.

"Little Dear-my-friend, I would you might hear that music. Surely it is the most beautiful Christmas carol ever sung on earth.

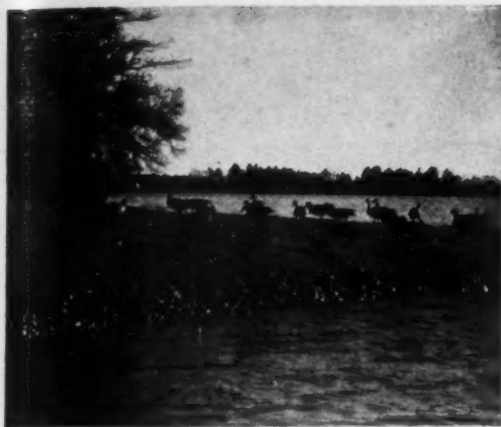
"Clear and joyous and ringing, it rises and falls on the still night air for many moments.

"Suddenly it stops, and the Child bows his head and prays—prays that the lonely and sad of earth, and all his people, may have a little part of his Christmas joy.

"Then the stars join in one inexpressibly joyous burst



"WHERE EAST AND WEST MEET," BY AGNES M. CURTIS, AGE 12.



"WILD GESE." BY HOWARD S. WHEELER, AGE 15.  
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

of music. And so Christ keeps his Christmas festival. | it not make you sad to see me torn and soiled, and know that you had helped to make me so?"

All of his people wake the next day happy and glad. But, though no one knows, this is their share of his Christmas joy."

Then, kissing me, the Spirit of the Wind says: "Good night, little Dear-my-friend, and a merry Christmas to you," and leaves me to dream of what she has told me.

# SEPTEMBER.

BY ANGUS M. BERRY  
(AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

SEPTEMBER days are growing old;  
The maple shines in red and gold,

While on the wooded upland leas  
Jack Frost begins to paint the trees  
With yellow tints and scarlet hues.  
Beneath the skies of deepest blues  
The gentle zephyr stirs the leaves.  
The harvester is binding sheaves  
Of golden grain; while down the dale  
We hear the song of thrush and quail.  
By gentle slopes of pine-clad hills  
Is heard the murmur of the rills  
That gurgle by their mossy banks  
And through the rushes' serried ranks;  
While dancing down the valley fair  
They sparkle as a mermaid's hair.  
O sweet September! do not go,  
Nor make way for the winter's snow;  
But if you must, pray leave to me  
A loving memory of thee.

## A SEPTEMBER WORD.

UNDERTAKE work sincerely. Do it thoroughly. Finish it completely. There is no other way to succeed.

## THE BROOK.

BY NANNETTE F. HAMBURGER (AGE 10).

OVER the rocky highway,  
Under the cave of stone,  
Out through the fields and pastures,  
A stream of water shone.  
Bright in the golden sunshine,  
Dark and quiet at night,  
Winding through all the woodland,  
The streamlet took its flight.

## THE DON'TS OF A BOOK.

BY RUTH LINN (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

ONCE Robert brought a book home from the library. He treated the book very badly.

One night, after he was snug in bed, and the book lay on the table in his room, he heard it say: "Don't turn one of my pages down to keep a place, but put a bookmark in between my leaves instead. Don't handle me with dirty fingers, for remember, I do not belong to you, and I shall want to go to a great many other boys and girls when you are through with me; and some day I may get back to you, and would



"WILD DUCKS." BY PERCIVAL W. WHITE, JR., AGE 13.  
(SECOND PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

not make you sad to see me torn and soiled, and know that you had helped to make me so?"

"Yes, sir," said Robert.

Robert's mother heard talking, and got up and went to Robert's room, only to find him talking to the book.

"Why, Robert," she said, "what are you doing?"

"Oh, hearing the don'ts of a book," said Robert.

In the morning Robert's mother said: "Robert, what did the book say to you last night?"

"Oh," said Robert, "it told me several things, but it was all in a dream, if I did answer them. But, nevertheless, I mean to fulfill the wishes of the book."

I think it would be well if all boys and girls would try to remember what the book told Robert, don't you?



"FROG." BY RICHARD G. HALTER, AGE 14.  
(THIRD PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")



S. H. RATHBUN.  
1900.

"FISHING BOATS." BY SEWARD H. RATHBUN, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

### THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY HELEN M. McLAUGHLIN (AGE 10).

The automocow is chewing her cud  
From off the mechanical grass;  
Automoclover makes her breath sweet.  
Automocarriages pass.

Automobirds are singing their songs:  
"Annie Laurie" and "Home, Sweet Home."  
Automoleaves they rustle so,  
Automobutterflies roam.

An automosun shines over it all,  
Automobreezes laugh.  
And many and many an automocow  
Is proud of her automocalf.

### A PEEP THROUGH A MAGNIFYING-GLASS.

BY EDITH C. BARBER (AGE 13).

ONE bright morning at Mount Pocono, in the year 1897, father and I started to take a walk through the woods.

We went along a short distance, and then father cut down a little tree and made a mountain-staff for me by stripping the leaves from the branches, and twisting the branches around it, and after cutting some fancy work on it with his knife, he gave it to me.

I plodded along by him, quite pleased with my new staff, and was very sorry that we soon had to go home, as it was near dinner-time.

We were walking leisurely along, when father suddenly stooped down and exclaimed: "Look, is n't this curious!"

I hastily bent down to examine, and saw a little piece of moss, covered with tiny red objects that at first resembled microscopic poppies.

Father then selected a choice bit, and cut it out with his penknife; then he took out his pocket magnifying-glass, and examined the moss closely.

"Oh, let me look!" I exclaimed.

Father handed me the moss and the magnify-

ing-glass, telling me, as he did so, to be very careful, as the moss was extremely delicate.

When I had brought my eye to the magnifying-glass, it seemed as if I was in fairyland.

On what appeared to be a tiny green forest, several red, microscopic toadstools were seated, while, near by, a little green sprig had shot up its tiny branches, and, through the glass, seemed like a diminutive Christmas tree.

"Oh, how lovely!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, is n't it," said father. "Let us take it home to mother."

He accordingly wrapped it up in a piece of paper, and took it to mother,

who was very much pleased with it.

I suggested that we should take it home and keep it until school began, and then show it to the teachers. But the tiny plants on the moss soon withered and died, and it was useless to try to bring it home, as school did not begin until a week after our return to Philadelphia.

But I can never forget how beautiful that tiny piece of moss looked on the day I first saw it through the magnifying-glass.

### TO NEW READERS.

THE St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers.

To any reader of the magazine, or to any one desiring to become such, a League membership badge and an instruction leaflet will be mailed free upon receipt of a written application, accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

There are no League dues.



"GOING TO SCHOOL." BY URSULA SUTTON NELTHORPE, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)





"CHICAGO LAKE FRONT." BY VICTOR S. D. SHERMAN, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY HELEN DUDLEY (AGE 14).

BACK in the woods, away from men,  
He lived the first years of his life,  
Preparing for those years to come  
When he should end all civil strife.

He had a true and kindly heart;  
He never wavered from the right,  
But followed duty's thorny path,  
With simple love and honest might.

He gave his country peace and joy,  
And faith sustained him through all care.  
Beloved and mourned by all, he died,  
Yet dwells his presence everywhere.

### LIFE STORY OF A BOOT.

BY LAURA M. WOODWORTH (AGE 11).

"No, I want that pair," said the little girl, looking in the shop-window. This was the first thing I could remember, and it was at me she pointed. I felt proud to be chosen (I was very young then), and tried to look my best.

After a great deal of questioning, such as "Will they wear well?" "Are they of the best leather?" which I thought was very stupid, for of course I was perfect, I was done up in paper and taken to her home.

I lived happily there until, one day, I was sent out to have a new sole put on. I never saw my mate again, for the repairer found me worthless, as I was fast coming to pieces, and I was put into the ash-barrel. When the ash-wagon came, as it was very full already, I was thrown on top. Then we jogged slowly out of the city and off toward some meadows with a river running through them. When we came up to it the ashes were dumped on the bank. I rolled down and reached the river.

I was glad to get away, for I did not like such company. How happy I was sailing gently on with the ever-moving water! and I began to sing:

"Sailing, sailing down the river blue,  
Hark to the secrets I tell to you;  
On the river's bosom wide  
I float gently onward with the tide."

Here I stopped suddenly; what was the matter?  
I was fast filling with water and sinking. In a min-

ute more only my toe was out of water, and soon that was gone, too, and I was sinking down, down, and all the time I was being carried onward with the rushing waters.

At last I floated gently to the bottom of the — ocean. No more rushing now; all was quiet. Little fishes swam to and fro, and gathered curiously around me; and here I am, as I tell my story, resting on a cushion of seaweed, with the green water stretching away, away, as far as the eye can see. The fishes swim in me, out of me, and around me, but they do not notice me. Now, still, I am very happy. Bit by bit I am falling to pieces — and this is my story.

### NIGHT AND MORN.

BY HELEN C. MOODEY (AGE 13).

THE little stars in the sky are shining;  
The leaves with the moonbeams are softly  
entwining;  
And the hush of night is slowly descending.

Quiet, quiet;  
No riot, no riot;  
The earth is asleep:  
Good night!  
Good night!

The light of the stars is fast disappearing,  
And the face of the jolly old sun  
is a-nearing;  
The beginning of day is now  
swiftly coming.  
Riot, riot;  
No quiet, no quiet;  
The earth is awake:  
Good morn!  
Good morn!

### MY TRIALS.

BY JOAN OHL (AGE 10).

WHEN I go to Paris,  
The children laugh at me,  
Because I have my stockings  
Going past my knee.

When I go to London,  
The children laugh and tease,  
Because I've no white stockings  
To reach above my knees.

When I return to America,  
I all the children please,  
Because I have black stockings  
Going both ways on my knees.

NOTE.—In Paris the children wear socks, in London long white stockings, in America long black stockings like mine.



"BIRD-HOUSE." BY LAURA J. ALDRICH, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

## THE MAGIC WORD.



BY SARAH L. WADLEY, JR. (AGE 14).

*(Gold Badge Illustrated Story.)*

THERE once lived a king who had everything to make him happy. He had a wife who loved him, a daughter who was the fairest lady in the land, his palaces were known all over the world for their richness, he was beloved by his subjects and he was respected abroad; but yet he was unhappy. He wished to know what was the word that meant the most to all the world. Day after day he hunted in his great books, and night after night he studied and searched and questioned, but all in vain.

At last he decided to give his daughter Clarissa to him who could tell the king the magic word. As the question seemed easy, and Clarissa was very beautiful, many came.

The poet, with his ink-bedabbled fingers, said poetry, the musician said music, the wizard said magic; and many others came. But neither the king nor Clarissa was pleased—the king because he saw that the word that each suggested was only full of meaning to him who suggested it, and meant little or nothing to the rest of the world, and Clarissa because she was in love with Prince Clarence, of a neighboring kingdom, whom she was expecting every day; and she was not disappointed, for the very next day he came.

"O king!" the young prince began, as he stood facing the king in the great hall filled with people, "it seems to me you put a small price on your daughter when you give her for an answer to an easy question. In your childhood who was it who held the foremost place in your affections? Answer me this question, and you have an answer to yours."

"Mother! mother!" the people shouted. "Mother" is the winning word, and the young prince has won!"

The king descended from his throne, and taking his daughter by the hand, led her to Prince Clarence, saying as he did so: "Yes, my son, you have won, and I bless you both"; and



THE PRINCESS CLARISSA.

then, turning to the vast crowd, he continued: "And you, my people, the wedding feast will be celebrated to-morrow, and all are welcome."

## HOW HERO GOT HIS NAME.

BY ORA WINIFRED WOOD (AGE 11).

*(Silver Badge Illustrated Story.)*

HE was n't a particularly handsome dog, this Hero. He was black and white, with long, shaggy hair, and a jolly, good-natured face. But I think you will agree with me that he deserved his name, for all that, when you hear my story.

He was a stray dog found by the Carter children, and until the morning of which I speak had gone nameless, for the simple reason that each thought that the names chosen by the others were not good enough.

It was a sunny June morning near the last of the month, and little Marjory Carter was getting ready to stay a week in the country.

It was half-past seven, and they stood on the steps waiting for the carriage that would take them to the depot. All the time doggy sat watching them with eyes that said as plainly as could be: "Do take me with you." But Marjory said: "No, no, dear doggy; you must stay and take care of papa."

They arrived at the depot ten minutes too soon. Marjory and nurse were walking up and down the platform while mother got the ticket. Suddenly nurse,



seeing some one she knew, started that way. Marjory did not like this; she wanted "to go watch for cho-cho car." Slipping her hand from nurse's, she turned to go and see for herself. She walked across the tracks to the one farthest away, but as there was a bend in the track just then, she could not see, so on she went. Suddenly a loud noise made her stop, and round the curve came a great engine right on poor little Marjory. She heard mother and nurse scream, but before she could realize what it was all about, a large black-and-white doggy came bounding toward her; taking her dress in his mouth, he bounded away again. In less time than it takes to tell she was in mother's arms, being kissed and cried over, and hearing nurse trying to explain things to papa.

When she went to the country you may be sure the brave doggy rescuer went, too, while mother declared that "Hero" was the only name good enough for him, and the others agreed so, too.

## THE PAPAYA-TREE.

BY CHARLOTTE DODGE (AGE 15).

*(Silver Badge Illustrated Story.)*

ABOUT a year and a half ago, under the warm Hawaiian sun, lay a tiny black seed. It was one of some hundred or more that had been packed away in the hollow of the papaya fruit.

The rain came gently down at night, the cooling trade winds blew, and by day the sun warmed the little seed, till, one day, it began to stir about, and then timidly put out a tiny rootlet and a white stem with green leaves. These at first were thick, and not shaped at all like those of the parent tree; but little by little, as each leaf opened, it found itself more perfect than the one before it, until at last, when the tree was six or eight feet high, they were fine and large, over a foot across.

Then, just where all the leaves join the trunk of the



THE PAPAYA-TREE.

young tree, small knobs appeared. How proud the tree was! Its first blossoms!

But a little feeling of jealousy came over it as it watched its neighbor, just over the fence; for this other tree had three times as many flowers. How much prettier they were, and how sweet they smelled! Why, they filled the air all around with their fragrance! The other tree had its beautiful star-like blossoms in sprays, and they stood out that all might see them; and people, as they passed, ex-

claimed at their beauty. Our little tree's few flowers grew close to the stem, and no one even noticed that they were there.

But one night a strange thing happened. All the lovely flowers on the neighbor's tree fell off and its beauty was gone. There was no fruit.

Soon our little tree lost its flowers one by one; but as each fell it left behind a small green ball, that day by day grew into a fine, large papaya. There were a dozen or more on the little tree, and this was its first season, too.

So the little papaya-tree learned that although its blossoms were not so beautiful as its neighbor's, it still had



THE PAPAYA BLOSSOM.

its own work to do, for it bore the large yellow-and-green fruit which the children all liked so much.

### THE DAY-DREAM.

BY MARGARET MORRIS  
(AGE 13).

(Gold Badge Illustrated Poem.)

HERE 's a lady of degree,  
Noble, tall, and fair to see,  
With her eyes of dancing  
blue,  
And her lips of cherry hue,  
And her cloud of golden  
hair,  
And her mantle wondrous  
fair.

Who may be the lovely  
dame?  
For we all would know  
her name.  
Comes a call both loud  
and shrill,  
Waking echoes on the hill,

But 't is not for her, forsooth,  
For it rings out—"Nancy Booth!  
Go and call the cows at once,

I 've just heard from Farmer  
Bunce  
That they 've strayed to Meadow-  
brook.  
And you 'll have to go and look."  
But it is for her, alas!  
And the day-dream swift must  
pass;  
For the lady 's but a fancy  
Of the farmer's daughter Nancy.



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### DUSK.

BY ISADORE DOUGLAS  
(AGE 12).

(Silver Badge Illustrated Poem.)

THROUGH the banks of  
wet fern that grow  
tall in the valley,  
Like a swift-going shadow, a startled hare leaps;  
Far in the dark arch of heaven above it,  
Like a flickering candle, an early star peeps.

Down where the little lake sleeps in the shadows,  
There is a sleepy bird chirping so late;  
Deep in the rushes that grow by the margin,  
Softly a water-fowl calls to her mate.

Low on the crest of the far western mountains,  
Like a boat in the sky, hangs the pale crescent moon;  
From the trees that stand back in the shadowy twilight  
Thousands of katydids drone out their tune.

Far to the northward a  
screech-owl is hoot-  
ing;  
A whippoorwill softly  
flits by to his nest;  
Then slowly the wood  
settles down into si-  
lence,  
And night holds the  
sleeping earth close  
to her breast.



## THE ANTEDILUVIAN WHALE.



BY J. E. BECHDOLT (AGE 15).

AN antediluvian whale,  
With a wriggle and twist  
Of his tail,  
Observed to a smelt:  
"I really shall melt  
If we don't have some  
Lightning and hail."

## THE HORSE.

BY LORANIA BECKWITH (AGE 13).

THE surest way to make a horse snappish is to be unkind to him. Horses have a great deal of intelligence and are willing to work for their masters when they are well treated. There are two ways a horse may be broken in. One is to take him quietly, treat him kindly, and slowly get his harness on, one piece at a time. That horse is quite sure to be a fine-tempered creature. The other is to go at a horse with all the force possible, work him till he is tired out, and be unkind to him. That horse will be snappish. If a horse is snappish when he is old, it does not mean he has been all his life.

There are a few things about the harness that hamper the horse. One is the check-rein. There is no use in it except for fashion. A horse can hold his head up without its being held up for him, and

he cannot pull a load up a hill well with a check-rein. If he should stumble he could better pick himself up if it were not for his check-rein.

The blinkers are another part of the harness that sometimes trouble the horse. Horses can see very much better in the dark than men. That is the principal reason that blinkers are dangerous. If the road is dark and the horse has not blinkers he can pick out the best path, while with them he could not see his way so well. Another thing; horses with blinkers are apt to shy. The only reason they are used now is for fashion.

The worst fashion there is is docking horses' tails. Some States have laws against it. It will be a fine thing when all States have. What right have men to torture their animals? They have no right. They do it for fashion. Horses are annoyed dreadfully by flies, and they use their tails to brush them off. If the horse has a docked tail, and the flies bite, he has no power to get them off except by kicking and shaking himself. When he does that the driver whips him. When men sell their horses they never think they may be sold to some teamster who will not treat them well nor keep them covered in the stable.

## NICE BITS FROM LEAGUE LETTERS.

WILLIAM COFFIN, Jr. (age 11), who has been spending some weeks at Atlantic City, writes:

I have seen the squids, which have arms with suckers that they can hold on to anything with. They also carry sacs of ink, with which they discolor the water when chased. I have seen the drum-fish, which, when inside the breakers, makes a noise like the beating of a bass-drum; and the little bottle-fish, who, when handled, blows himself up with indignation; and the sand-shark, who has a double row of fine, sharp teeth, and is quite dangerous; and the funny king- or horseshoe-crab, and many other fish that I will tell about another time.

Ruth S. Loughton says very kindly:

I think you are doing a great thing for all the young people of this generation. You are teaching us, by the League, self-reliance, and also that our own thoughts are not the only ones. I am sure that your magazine ought to be — if it is not — the center of every family all over the world.

This little girl thinks she lives too far away to belong to the League, but she does n't; and she writes an interesting letter:

TONGAAT, NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken in ST. NICHOLAS for about a year, and like it very much. I should love to belong to the League, only I am afraid I live too far away. I live on a sugar plantation on the coast of Natal, about thirty miles from Durban.

When last I was in Durban we saw a good many soldiers. We went over a hospital-ship, and saw all the wounded men. They looked very comfortable in their swinging cots.

I have ten relations at the front. Two of my cousins went through the siege of Ladysmith; and one of my cousins, Captain Crewe, was killed in the relief force for Mafeking.

Before I close I must ask you if it is possible for me to join the



"WHEN GRANNY WAS YOUNG." BY CLARE CURRIER, AGE 15.



AFTER C. D. GIBSON  
BY MILDRED WHEAT.

A CRIBS VERSION OF "IS A CADDY ALWAYS NECESSARY."

BY MILDRED WHEAT, AGE 13. (WITH MR. GIBSON'S PERMISSION.)

League. I am sure my friends would like to join, too.

I wonder if my letter is good enough to print. I shall be glad if it is. Hoping the League will have a long and happy life, I remain,

Your interested reader,  
JOAN ACUTT.  
(Age 13 years.)

This letter is from a little League member who has paralysis and suffers a great deal. You would not guess it from her funny little rhymes:

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a true poem about my kitten "Daffodil."

DAFFODIL.

THE yellow kit sits on the hearth

Beside the oven door;  
She does not find the knob too warm,  
So holds it in her paw.

Her old brown ma she caught three rats,  
And they were white as snow;  
I think they must have run away  
From some fine passing show.

We tried to get a photograph of the yellow kitten warming her paws on the stove; but she ran away, or was stolen, before we could get it.

Your true friend,  
GRACE S. SMITH.  
(Age 13 years.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you ever since I was eight years old; and my mother had you when she was a girl. I like all the stories you publish very much; but my favorites are "Arkichita: A Tale of an Indian Detective"; "Trinity Bells"; "The Dozen from Lakerim"; and all of Mr. Jenks's stories. And I enjoy reading Virginia Woodward Cloud's poetry ever so much.

From the heading of my letter, one might make the natural mistake of believing me a Northern girl; but I am from Key West, in Florida, and

this is my first visit to the North. I like St. Paul very much, but think I prefer my Southern home for "keeps."

I have visited many places of interest in and around Minnesota's capital, and I find everything very enjoyable. I admire the Falls of Minnehaha exceedingly. The water has to me the appearance of a silvery bridal veil, formed of countless shining dewdrops; and with the sun shining on it, it is a rainbow of exquisitely blended colors. Near the falls are many paths, which terminate by the banks of a large pool, called the "Witch's Pool." The water in this pool is deep and very black, with not a sign of life on its smooth surface. It is a rather gruesome but very interesting body of water.

Wishing you much success, I am,

Your admirer, ANNE COURTNEY.

From Hull, England, comes this gratifying letter, which many of the writer's American cousins will approve:

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although this is the first time I have written to you, I think of you as quite an old friend, because I have had the pleasure of reading you since the beginning of that lovely little story which came out in your pages—

"Lady Jane."

I do think that your League is a splendid idea, and we should all feel proud to belong to it. I am so fond of your breezy, bright, intelligent American girls, and I think that your paper is far above any English children's one. I have got several numbers bound, including the one with "Lady Jane," and I don't care how old I live to be, I shall never cease loving that little story. My mother is also very fond of you, because she says that you are such a charming mixture of instructive and light reading. I think that some of your tales are fairly "ripping"—if you will excuse the expression. Now

I hope I have not written too much; but I felt that I could not lose the opportunity of expressing my hearty thanks to you for so many hours of delightful reading during the past ten years of my life.

Your little English cousin,

CONSTANCE CLARK. (Age 15 years.)

What would I like best of all?  
If you were to ask me,  
I'd be an artist just like Birch  
And draw his quaint ladies.

BY NELSIE ROCKWOOD, AGE 13.



"WILD WEST." BY SANFORD TOUSEY, AGE 17.





BY GOODWIN HOBBS, AGE 16.

mouse would eat some of the bird's seed. The bird died, and the mouse went away and was seen no more."

Eunice Fuller thanks us for her gold badge, and says: "It is much better than I thought it would be, but that is always the way with ST. NICHOLAS: each time it seems better than before. Its newest and best feature is the St. Nicholas League."

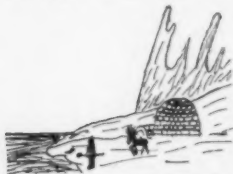
Helen Thomas writes: "I think the League perfectly fine. Your magazine is the finest published, and when it comes we always have a scramble to see who will get it first."

From Madeleine Isabella Neil of Glasgow, Scotland, comes a nice letter, as this brief extract will show:

"I always read all through the League department before beginning the stories. I think some of the contributions are very clever, especially those sent in by the very little children."

And Dorothy R. Lewis: "My pleasure is doubled because of the little society fast becoming a big one. It brings your readers closer together, I think."

That is the first object of the League. And Miss Dorothy is correct also about the growth of the organization. Every month adds thousands to our membership.



"THE ESQUIMAUX." BY DAVID M. POPE, AGE 7.

the last. In all these years there has been no organization to bind the readers together, and now that the League fills this office, a long-felt want is supplied."

Other welcome and interesting letters have been received from John M. Foote, Edna M. Duane, Ray Johnson, Dorothy Bates, Martha Washburn, Harry Edgar Aldridge, Gladys Hilliard, Cora Carleton, Mabel Everhart, Helen R. Matthews, Charles Jarvis Harriman, Marion S. Miller, Augusta H. Wood, Minnie Reese Richardson, Elizabeth Stoddard Stevens, Carolyn C. Stevens, Marion Woodworth, Miller R. Guernsey, Louis F. May, William Coffin, Jr., Marguerite Helene Soule (with interesting extract about her gran'pa), Laura W. Platt, Marjorie D. Weldon, and from Margaret P. Wotkins and her mama (with nice photographs).

Florence C. Clark of Willoughby, Ohio, sends this incident: "I will tell you a story of our canary-bird and tame mouse. The tame mouse ran up and down our curtain every night and morning, and we had the canary in a cage. The mouse used to sleep in the cage with the bird. Every night, at a certain time, the mouse would run up the curtain into the cage. The bird died, and the mouse went away and was seen no more."

## ROLL OF HONOR.

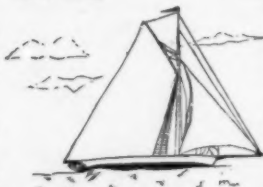
BEING a list of those whose work, though not used, has been found well worthy of honorable mention.

## POEMS.

Katherine Gaul Rusk  
Bertha Cassidy  
Allen Chase  
Doris Webb  
I. St. J. Tucker  
Lois Lehman  
Eleanor Hollis Murdock  
Carolyn S. Cobb  
Katherine T. Bastedo  
Charles Upton Pett  
Louise Elder  
Floy De Grove Baker  
Mildred Andrus  
Leigh Sowers  
Dorothea Davis  
Christine Payson  
Alice King

Caroline Clinton Everett  
Ruth A. Watson  
Harriet H. Thomson  
Elizabeth Goodidge  
Gertrude Kaufman  
Herbert L. Williams  
Ruth Phelps  
Louise Ruggles  
Dorothy Dominick  
Rose Kellogg  
Robert D. Hays  
Margaret Stevens  
Helen Stetson Jewell  
Asa B. Dimon  
Lillie Marion Shannon  
Elsie Wells  
Gladys Sellew

Amy King Everett  
Madeleine Formel  
Maria Duryce  
Marie Ortmayer  
Edwina Lydia Pope  
Molly Bawn Jervey  
Gladys Greene  
Ida M. Ufford  
Katherine T. Halsey  
Minnie C. Taylor  
Leslie Leigh Du Cros  
Cora Robertson  
Emma Kellogg Pierce



BY MOORE MEIGS, AGE 8.

Margery Foster Johnson  
Grace Phelps  
Grace Burr, Coolidge  
William G. Wendell

Alice B. Rodgers

Wynonah Breazeale  
Vere Kupfer  
Frances Bickford Howland  
Sam Smart

## PROSE.

Oliver Wolcott Roosevelt  
Dorothy Garrison  
Leon Guggenheim  
Edna Bennet  
A. Gertrude Brown  
Philip S. Comstock  
Kate Acheson Spencer  
Bessie Greene  
Jessie Murray  
Karl W. Kirchwey  
Eirian F. Chittenden

David M. Cheney  
Ethel J. Watson  
Rachel Gitchel  
Agatha E. Gruber  
Hilda Millet  
Caroline Gillis Sawyer  
Ruth Lowery  
Mary P. Parsons  
Arthur Edward Weld  
Leila Kurtz  
Anne F. Preston  
Charlotte Forsythe  
Margie C. Wurtzburg  
Edwine Behre  
Elford Eddy  
Alice H. Friend  
Mary C. Tanner  
Eleanor Myers  
Etta Stein  
Shirley Willis  
Arthure Clappitt  
Helen S. Ferrer  
Lucille E. Rosenberg  
Grace S. Croll  
Lucille Owen  
Hazel Irving Fischer  
Geraldine McGinnis  
Martha Deinet  
William E. Woods



BY CATHERINE LEE CARTER, AGE 12.



"ALMOST THERE." BY STUART B. WATKINS, AGE 16.

Rosabel Horton  
Effie Sammond  
Katherine L. Roosevelt  
Gussie Schwartz  
Sarah M. Hay  
Louise D. Powis  
Katherine A. Perry  
Howard P. Rockey  
Janet S. Townsend  
Louise Sharp

Alexander Proudfit Rusk  
Harry H. Spofford  
Herbert Wallack  
Gretchen M. Franke  
Rachel Elsie Love  
Gertrude L. Cannon  
Ruth Osgood  
Jeanne Maude Pattison  
Calm Morrison Hoke  
George Fitts

## DRAWINGS.

Clarence E. B. Grossman  
Eleanor Stuart Upton  
Mary Newman  
Elizabeth Norton  
Lloyd Lemon  
Ruth B. Hand  
David Challinor  
Irene R. Tucker  
Florence Gardiner  
Margaret Sizer  
Frances Amelia Cutler  
Rowena Sizer  
M. A. Challinor  
Dorothy C. Cooper  
Ethel Pollord  
Junior Wood  
Rose C. Huff  
Elisabeth C. Hayne  
Mary Shoemaker  
Alexander McAndrew  
Mabel Carr Samuel  
Nicholas Roosevelt  
Herbert P. Nathan  
Amy Peabody  
F. Kerr Atkinson  
Grace Teltow  
M. Hazeltine Fawcsmith  
Arthur D. Fuller  
Warren H. Butler  
Helen Hasbrouck  
W. Bradford  
Margaret White

L. Hein  
Margaret E. Conklin  
Laura Gardin  
Susan Jamson Sweetser  
Mary A. B. Williamson  
Charles C. Hill  
Katherine Keeler  
Mildred Curran Smith  
Ysabel Garcia  
Constance Fuller  
Jeannette Van Cleef  
Catherine Stearns  
Sara E. Phillips  
Edna L. Marrett  
Linda Houghton  
Melton R. Owen  
Mercedes Garcia  
Arthur W. Kennedy  
Raymond Calkins  
May B. Cooke  
Emily B. Aldrich  
Helen A. Coggeshall  
Helen L. F. Schulte  
Henry G. Adler  
Helen Pauline Croll  
Olive Carpenter  
Mabel Edith Gross  
J. Elmer Burwash  
Kate Colquhoun  
Arthur W. Bell  
Emily Colquhoun  
Carol Bradley

## PHOTOGRAPHS.

Conrad Lambert  
Carl S. Tieman  
Paul Moore  
Willie Berry  
Percy Lawrence Young

Carl C. Tallman  
George Allen  
Paul B. Moore  
John Philip Hartt  
Dwight Tenney

Grace Kellen  
Arthur Light  
Rachel L. Manners  
W. D. Miller  
Walter P. Schuck  
Thomas MacIver  
Florence S. Sutor  
W. Irving Saul  
John F. Reddick  
Edith Spaulding  
Stanley Randall  
Grace Fletcher Eddy  
Anna C. Biggert  
Douglas Peck  
Nettie Rushmore  
George S. Jackson  
Edward C. Little  
William S. Allen  
Walker Smith  
Natalie Bird Kimber  
Ruth Lane Daniels

Lilla A. Greene  
J. Donald Cassels  
S. L. Brown  
Harold R. Singer  
Adrian Formel  
Frances E. Boyer

Charles Almy, Jr.  
Winifred Jones  
Margaret P. Wotkyns  
Sally Orvis  
Lucille Sledge Campbell  
Morris Duncan Douglas  
Thomas A. Cox, Jr.  
Larned V. P. Allen  
Josephine H. Howes  
E. H. Coy  
Josephine Blaine  
Clara Dooner  
Carol G. Boyer  
C. L. Whitman  
John M. S. Allison  
Ellen Burditt McKey  
Marion Heffron  
G. D. Strathern  
Arthur L. Besse  
Gerome Ogden  
Philip Roberts  
Doris Franklyn  
Edmonde Whitman  
G. Gates Sanborn  
Gertrude Whittimore  
Edith H. Patterson

## PUZZLES.

Bruns Lawrason  
Leonard A. Watson  
Marion E. Moreau  
Maurice P. Dunlap  
May E. Maynard  
Henry Goldman  
Jessie Dey  
Louise L. Kobbe  
Lillie Knollenberg  
Helen Bigelow  
Ruth Allaire  
Marie H. Whitman  
Elinor Kaskel  
Randolph M. Dunham

Florence M. Flint  
Almy Miller  
Helen Peabody  
Rosabel Horton  
Bertha L. Florey  
Olivia Taylor  
Emily E. Howson  
Emily C. Crawford  
Helen Brokaw  
Emily Breitenfeld  
Mary Ross  
Volant Vashon Ballard  
Sarah Bobbins  
Margaret Taylor  
Margaret Sammond



BY JEAN OLIVE HECK, AGE 14.

The prize puzzles and others selected for publication, as well as the list of puzzle-answers, will be found in the regular "Riddle-box."

## DON'T COPY.

WORK drawn for the St. Nicholas League should be only from life or from the young artists' imagination.

## CHAPTERS.



BY MADGE SMITH, AGE 12.

**A** GREAT many League members are scattered now, and fewer chapters have been reported in consequence. In September, however, our young people will be getting back to school, and chapter work will be renewed with fresh interest. Please remember that in forming chapters teachers or members may have a number of badges and leaflets come in one large envelope, post paid.

No. 127. May A. Chambers, President; J. Wheaton Chambers, Secretary; four members. Address, 46 Broad Street, Freehold, New Jersey.

No. 128. Gertrude Johnston, President; Kathrine Liddell, Secretary; nine members. Address, Highland Park, Montgomery, Alabama.

No. 129. The "Squirrel Hill." Laurence Reiman, President; H. P. Smith, Secretary; six members. Address, 1401 Weightman Street, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. The program of No. 129 is: roll-call, minutes, "then a story from your dear magazine," stories from the different members, and a "good, hearty play at the last."

No. 130. Pierre Gaillard, President; Frances Newcomer, Secretary; ten members. Address, 2139 N Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

No. 131. Lucile Topping, President; Odette Grow, Secretary; seven members. Address, Fenton, Michigan.

No. 132. The "Fort Meyer Chapter." Mary B. Morgan, President; Margaret C. Brooks, Secretary; sixteen members. Address, Fort Meyer, Virginia.

No. 132 is an "army" chapter, and its main work will be to gather reading matter to send to our soldiers in the Philippines, where many of their brave relatives are fighting.

No. 133. Helen Wallace, President; Lillian Anderson, Secretary; thirty-four members. Address, Franklin School, Goethe Street, near Wells Street, Chicago, Illinois.

No. 134. Officers not elected. Four members. Address, 1712 Webster Street, San Francisco, California.

No. 135. "The Searchers." Marion Stoddard, President; Mrs. E. H. Smith, Secretary; nine members. Address, Milan, Ohio.

No. 135 will take a tramp once a week to study nature, and will have a meeting once in two weeks to read St. NICHOLAS and examine specimens.

Officers of some chapters have written us concerning the proper form of constitution, by-laws, etc., and as we have just received from the secretary of No. 105 a copy of their constitution, we print it in full as an excellent example for others to adopt in such form as seems to fit their needs:

CONSTITUTION OF THE HAPPY-GO-  
LUCKY CLUB

(CHAPTER 105 OF THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE).

## ARTICLE I.

The name of this chapter of the St. Nicholas League shall be the Happy-Go-Lucky Club.

## ARTICLE II.

Officers shall be President and Secretary. No member shall hold office for more than one year.

## ARTICLE III.

Dues shall be five cents per month. They shall be paid to the Secretary at the first meeting of the month.

## ARTICLE IV.

Meetings shall be held on alternating Wednesdays of the month, except during July, August, and September.

## ARTICLE V.

The President shall preside at all meetings and entertainments of the club, and shall have general direction of its affairs.

The Secretary shall keep the minutes of all meetings of the club, and a list of the names and addresses of all members. She shall conduct all correspondence of the club, and act as Treasurer.

All members of the society not holding office shall each consider herself personally responsible for her full share of the welfare of the club; she must be loyal and true in every sense of the word.

## PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 12.

COMPETITION No. 12 will close September 22. The awards will be announced and the prize contributions published in St. NICHOLAS for December.

**POEM.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and should relate to the Thanksgiving season.

**PROSE.** Story or article of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and should be appropriate to December.

**DRAWING.** India or very black ink on white paper. Subject (may be expressed in any manner), "A Cold Day."

**PHOTOGRAPH.** Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints. Subject (interior or exterior), "September."

**PUZZLE.** Any sort, but the more original in form, the better.

**PUZZLE-ANSWERS.** Best, neatest, and

most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of St. NICHOLAS.

**WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun:

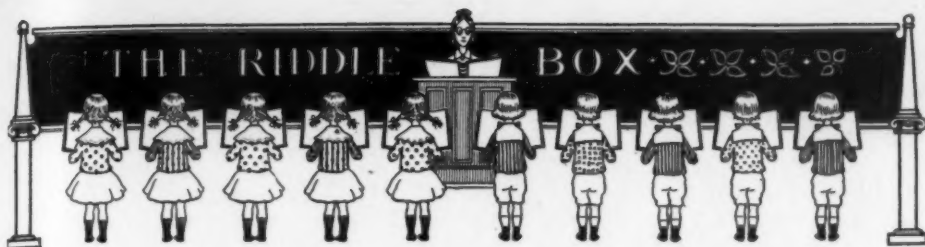
For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, the League gold badge.

Remember, every contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,  
Union Square,  
New York City.



BY VANCE B. MURRAY, AGE 10.



### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

**ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.** 1. Spoon. 2. Niche. 3. Onion. 4. Tabby. Primals and finals, transposed, Tennyson.

**TRANSPOSITIONS.** 1. Bar, Barr. 2. Pen, Penn. 3. Pit, Pitt. 4. Hog, Hogg. 5. Grim, Grimm. 6. Brag, Bragg. 7. Bur, Burr. 8. Par, Parr. 9. Kid, Kidd. 10. Web, Webb.

**OVERLAPPING WORD-SQUARES.** I. 1. Uvula. 2. Visor. 3. Usury. 4. Lorea. 5. Aryan. II. 1. Rowel. 2. Ochre. 3. Where. 4. Error. 5. Leers. III. 1. Eager. 2. Anile. 3. Gives. 4. Elect. 5. Rosta.

**A FLIGHT OF STAIRS.** From 1 to 10, mosquitoes; 11 to 13, ant; 13 to 15, too; 15 to 17, off; 17 to 19, few; 19 to 21, wee; 21 to 23, eve; 23 to 25, era; 25 to 27, aid; 27, 28, de.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from M. McG.—Katharine and Carolyn Sherman—Erlenkotter and Co.—Mabel M. Johns—"Hiawatha and Wabeeka"—Katharine Forbes Liddell—Rose B. Weber—The Pansy Club—Edith L. Lauer—Nessie and Freddie—Edith M. Thompson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from G. B. Dyer, 6—C. Hickok, 1—F. Kuntz, 1—Evelyn F. Keisker, 3—No name, Brooklyn, 4—M. R. Richardson, 1—L. Nowland, 1—Paul J. Ramsey, 2—Beatrice Reynolds, 2—Louis Washburn Fish, 5—Florence and Edna, 7—Pierre Gaillard, 7—J. C. Chase, 1—A. M. Richards, 1—"Damega," 5—Annie E. Whitlesey, 6—H. W. Lawrence, 1—Elsie Fisher Steinheimer, 5—M. Louise Nowlan, 2—Marjorie Clare, 4—H. A. Knowles, 1.

### DIAMOND.

1. In diamond. 2. Possessed. 3. Pertaining to the moon. 4. A number. 5. A spring flower. 6. A favorite. 7. Part of a harness. 8. A domestic animal. 9. In diamond.

JOSEPH M. O'BRIEN (League Member).

### ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



EACH of the seven small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly

**DIAMOND.** 1. F. 2. Ala. 3. Flask. 4. Ask. 5. K.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA:

The quiet August noon has come;  
A slumberous silence fills the sky.

**CONNECTED SQUARES.** I. 1. Dray. 2. Raja. 3. Ajar. 4. Yard. II. 1. Flag. 2. Lane. 3. Anna. 4. Year. III. 1. Dale. 2. Apex. 3. Levi. 4. Exit. IV. 1. Rope. 2. Opal. 3. Palm. 4. Elms.

**RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.** Alfred Dreyfus.

**ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.** Achilles. 1. Arch. 2. Cat. 3. Horse. 4. Ice wagon. 5. Links. 6. Lamp. 7. Eye. 8. Scales.—CHARADE. Mosquito.

guessed and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the surname of a man who has distinguished himself.

Designed by ALFRED JAMES GOZZALDI  
(League Member).

### EMBEDDED SQUARE.

(First Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

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I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Likewise. 2. To jump. 3. A feminine name. 4. A precious stone.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A small bed. 2. A letter belonging to the written language of the ancient Norsemen. 3. Public houses. 4. Most excellent.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Water falling in drops. 2. An old word meaning "although." 3. A large bird. 4. A snug dwelling.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An old word meaning "to check." 2. A number. 3. An old word meaning "of a bright blue color." 4. Busy insects.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An island. 2. A support. 3. Recent. 4. Parts of the body.

MABEL MILLER JOHNS.

## DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

(Second Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

## I.

MY primals, read downward, spell the name of the founder of the British Empire in India; the finals, read upward, spell the name of a famous American patriot. Both were born in September.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A coarse cloth. 2. A rich soil. 3. One of the United States. 4. A tramp. 5. A riddle.

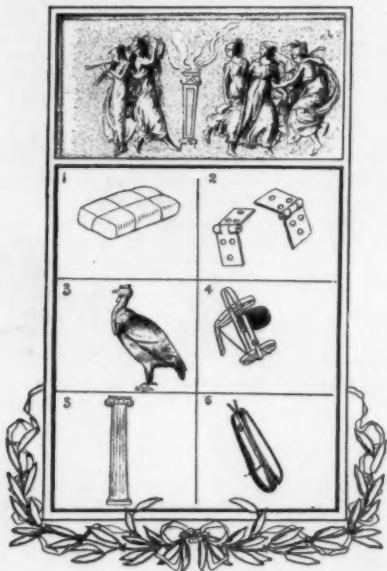
## II.

MY primals, read upward, spell the name of a famous queen; the finals, read downward, spell the name of a French nobleman who was a friend to the United States. Both were born in September.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A small elevation of land. 2. A garment worn by ancient Romans. 3. A little sprite. 4. A tropical fruit. 5. A city in the State of New York. 6. A girdle. 7. To teach. 8. To mourn. 9. To make very angry.

HENRY GOLDMAN.

## ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.



ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending at the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a Greek lyric poet.

## WORD-SQUARE.

I. GLAD tidings. 2. The whole diatonic scale. 3. Not easily moved. 4. An inclosure. 5. To show. 6. An account-book.

MARIE B. REICHENHART.

## MUSICAL CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the central letters will spell the name of a great composer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A musical term denoting increase

of sound. 2. A great composer. 3. The mother of the Muses. 4. The art of forming melody. 5. A name for the clarinet. 6. A stately dance peculiar to the country of the composer who is named by my centrals.

BARBARA ELEANOR SMYTHE (League Member).

## CHARADE.

MY first is dangerous, full of spite,  
That should be fled from—out of sight;  
It also has a charm untold,  
And owns my second, all too bold.

My next is sometimes good to eat,  
Yet may be poisonous—all deceit;  
Can kill, yet save from hunger, too,  
And oft is seen about a shoe.

My whole is on the mountain found  
In May, when snow has left the ground;  
Is dainty, horrid, broad, or slight—  
Fills one with fear, or else delight.

IRIS L. MUDGE (League Member).

## FAMOUS BATTLES.

FILL in the blanks with the names of famous battles. The names of the battles are divided into syllables.

1. Elspeth let the ——— while she cooked the scones.
2. I have seen a ——— shoeing horses.
3. Give me my other gloves; this ——— too shabby.
4. Did you ——— ride the wild colt?
5. It was amusing to go to the pasture to see the old ———; he was very clumsy.
6. I have seen a ——— shoeing horses.

M. E. FLOYD.

## CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To sing slowly. 2. Fun. 3. To entertain. 4. Certain features. 5. A lock of hair.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Condition. 2. An instructor. 3. To expiate. 4. A strengthener. 5. Upright.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. To frighten. 2. A song. 3. To get up. 4. A product of the pine-tree. 5. A feminine name.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Selected. 2. A refuge. 3. Open. 4. To wait upon. 5. To go in.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A church dignitary. 2. To find fault with. 3. More degraded. 4. Signs. 5. Concise.

M. W. J.



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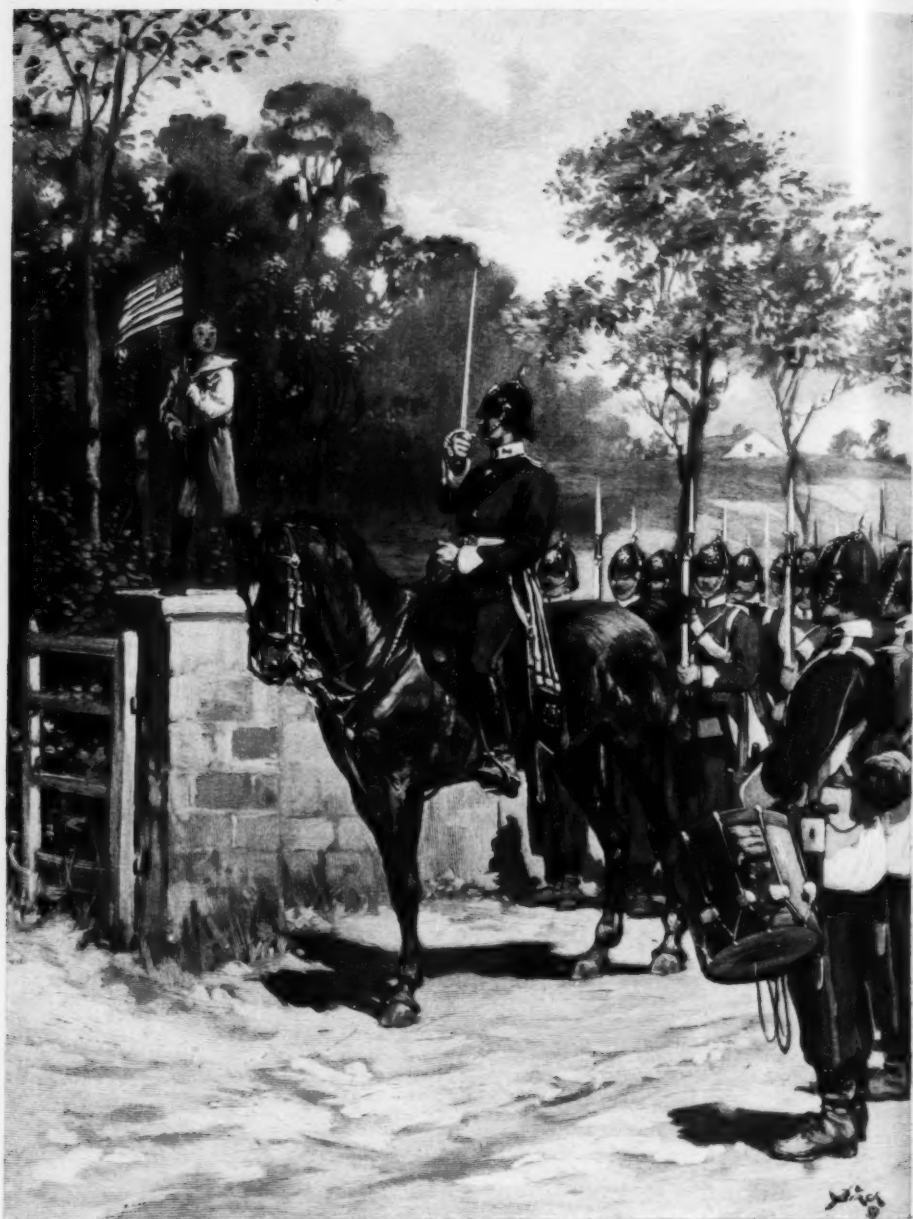
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"THE OFFICER GAVE THE ORDER, 'SALUTE UNCLE SAM AND THE AMERICAN COLORS!'"